

Pleasant  
**COMEDIE**  
CALLED

*A Woman will have her Will*

As it hath bene often times  
acted in the Theatre



LONDON,  
Printed by J. M. and are to be sold by Richard  
Bland, at the Cross-Keyes in Paines Church-  
yard, near Chape-side. 1671.

*The Actors names.*

Pisaro a Portugale.

Labronia

Marta,

Mathea,

Anthony, a Schoolemaster to them.

Harvy,

Ferdinand or Heiglam, } Suters to Pisaro

Ned, or Walgrave, } Daughters.

Delora, Frenchman, } Suters also to the

Aloors, an Italian, } three Daughters.

Vandalle, a Dutchman, }

Frisee a Clowne, Pisaro man.

M. Moore,

Towerson a Merchant,

Balsarer.

Browne a Clothier.

A Post.

A Belman.



Printed by J. M. and are to be sold by Richard  
Tavels, at the Cross-Knightes Church.  
And, where Cheaply sold, 1677.



called

**A Woman will battle her will.**

Enter P I S A N O

[illegible]

---

*The Actors names.*

*Pisaro, a Portugale.*

*Laetitia,*

*Maria,*

*Mathea,*

} *Pisaro's Daughters.*

*Anthony, a Schoolemaster to them.*

*Harvy,*

*Ferdinand, or Heigham,*

*Ned, or Walgrave,*

*Delion, a Frenchman,*

*Alvaro, an Italian,*

*Vandalle, a Dutchman,*

} *Suters to Pisaro's  
Daughters.*

} *Suters also to the  
three Daughters.*

*Frisco a Clowne, Pisaro's man.*

*M. Moore.*

*Towerson a Merchant.*

*Balsaror.*

*Browne a Clothier.*

*A Post.*

*A Belman.*

---

Printed by J. M. W. at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.





A  
PLEASANT COMEDIE  
called,

*A Woman will haue her will.*

---

*Enter PISARRO.*

*Pisaro.*

**H**OW smugge this gray-cyde Morning seemes to be,  
A pleasant sight; but yet more pleasure haue I  
To thinke vpon this moykning South-west Winde,  
That drines my laden Shippes from fertile Spaine:  
But come what will, no Winde can come amisse,  
For two and thirty Windes that rules the Seas,  
And blowes about this ayrie Region;  
Thirty two Shippes haue I to equall them;  
Whose wealthy fraughts doe make *Pisaro* rich:  
Thus every soyle to me is naturall:  
Indeed by birth, I am a Portugale,  
Who driven by Westerne windes on English shore,  
Heere liking of the soyle, I married,  
And haue three Daughters: But impartiall death  
Long since, deprinde me of her dearest life;  
Since whose discease, in London I haue dwelt:  
And by the sweet loude trade of Vsurie,

A 2

Letting

*A Woman will haue her will.*

Letting for interest, and on Mortgages,  
Doe I waxe rich, though many Gentlemen  
By my extortion come to misery:  
Amongst the rest three English Gentlemen,  
Hauing pawn'd to me their living, and their lands:  
Each severall hoping, though their hopes are vaine,  
By marriage of my Daughters to possesse  
Their Patrimonies and their lands againe:  
But Gold is sweet, and they deceiue themselves;  
For though I gild my Temples with a smile,  
It is but *Judas*-like, to worke their ends.  
But soft, What noyse of footing doe I heare?

*Enter Laurelio, Marina, Mathew, and Anthony.*

*Laure.* Now Master what intend you to reade to vs:

*Anth.* *Pisare* your Father would haue me reade morall

*Mari.* What's that? *Anth.* (Philosophy.)

*Anth.* First tell me how you like it?

*Math.* First tell vs what it is.

*Pis.* They be my daughters and their Schoolemaster.

*Pisare.* not a word, but list their talke.

*Anth.* Gentlewomen, to paint Philosophy,

Is to present youth with sorrowe a dith,

As their abhorring stomacks all digest.

When first my mother *Oxford* (Englands pride)

Fostred me pupil-like, with her rich store,

My studie was to reade Philosophy,

But since, my head strong youths vnbridled will,

Scorning the leaden letters of restraint,

Hath pruned my feathers to a higher pitch,

Gentlewomen, morall Philosophy is a kinde of art,

The most contrary to your tender eyes:

It teacheth to be graue, and on that brow,

Where Beauty in her rarest glory shines,

Plants the sad semblance of decayed age:

Those Weedes that with their riches should adorne,

Letting And

*A Woman will haue her will.*

And grace faire Natures curious workmanship,  
Must be converted to a blacke-fact'd wayle,  
Griefes livery, and Sorrowes semblance :  
Your foode must be your hearts abundant sighes,  
Seep'd in the brinish liquor of your teares :  
Day, light as darke night, darke night spent in prayer :  
Thoughts your companions, and repentant mindes,  
The recreation of your tyred spirits :  
Gentlewomen if you can like this modesty,  
Then will I reade to you Philosophy.

*Dum.* Noe I.

*Mari.* Viewpon it.

*Math.* Hang vp Philosophy, Ile none of it.

*Pisar.* A Tutor said I, a Tutor for the Diuell.

*Anth.* No Gentlewomen, *Anthony* hath learn'd  
To reade a Lector of more pleasing worth.

*Marina.* read these lines, young *Harvey* sent them.

There every line repugnes Philosophy :

Then loue him, for he hates the thing thou hates.

*Laurentia.* this is thine from *Ferdinande* :

Thinke every golden circle that thou see'st,

The rich vnvalued circle of his worth.

*Mathea.* with these Gloues thy *Ned* salutes thee ;

As often as these hide these from the Sunne,

And wanton steales a kisse from thy faire hand,

Presents his seruicable true hearts zeale,

Which waikes vpon the censure of thy doome :

What though their lands be morgag'd to your Father ;

Yet may your Dowries redeeme that debt :

Thinke they are Gentlemen, and thinke they loue ;

And be that thought their true lones Advocate.

Say you should wed for wealth ; for to that scope

Your Fathers greedy disposition tends,

The world would say, that you were had for wealth,

And so faire beauties honour quite disynge :

A masse of Wealth being pour'd vpon another,

Little augments the shew, although the summe

*A Woman will haue her will.*

But being lightly scarr'd by it selfe,  
It doubles what it seem'd, although but one;  
Even so your selues, for wedded to the Rich,  
His stile was as it was, a rich man still:  
But wedding these, to wed true Love, is dutie:  
You make them rich in Wealth, but more in Beauty:  
I need not plead that smile, that smile shewes hearts con-  
That kisse shew'd loue, that on that gift was lent: (lent;  
And last thine Eyes, that teares of true ioy send.  
As comfortable tidings for my friends. (procures;

*Mari.* Haue done, haue done; what need'st thou more  
When long ere this I stoop'd to that faire lure:  
Thy ever-loving *Harvis* I delight it:

*Marina* ever loving shall requite it  
Teach vs Philosophy? Ile be no Nunne;  
Age scornes delight, I loue it being young:  
There's not a word of this, not a words part,  
But shall be stamp'd, seal'd, printed on my heart;  
On this Ile read, on this my senses ply:  
All Arts being vaine, but this Philosophy.

*Laur.* Why was I made a Mayde, but for a Man?  
And why *Laurentia*, but for *Ferdinand*?  
The chastest soule these Angels could intice?  
Much more himselfe, an Angell of more price:  
Weer't thy selfe present, as my heart could wish,  
Such vsage thou should'st haue, as I giue this.

*Anth.* Then you would kisse him?

*Laur.* If I did how then?

*Amb.* Nay I, say nothing to it, but Amen.

*Pisa.* The Clarke must haue his fees, Ile pay you them.

*Math.* Good God, how abiect is this single life,  
Ile not abide it; Father, Friends, nor Kin,  
Shall once dissuade me from affecting him:  
A man's a man; and *Ned* is more then one:  
Yfaith Ile haue thee *Ned*, or Ile haue none:  
Doe what they can, chafe, chide, or storme their fill,  
*Mutha* is resolu'd to haue her will.

*Pisa.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* I can no longer hold my patience.  
Impudent villaine, and lasciuious Girles,  
I haue ore-heard your vild conuersions :  
You scorne Philosophy : You'le be no *Nuns*,  
You must needs kisse the Purse, because he sent it.  
And you forsooth, you flurgill, minion,  
A brat scant folded in the dozens at most,  
You'le haue your will forsooth ; What will you haue ?

*Mab.* But twelue yeere old ? nay, Vather that's not so,  
Our Sexton told me I was three yeres mo.

*Pisa.* I say but twelue : you'r best tell me I lye.  
What sirra *Anthony*.

*Anth.* Heere sir.

*Pisa.* Come here sir, and you light huswines get you in :  
Scare not vpon me, mooue me not to ire : *Exeunt sisters.*  
Nay sirra stay you here, He talke with you :  
Did I retaine thee (villaine) in my house,  
Giue thee a stipend twenty Markes by yeere,  
And hast thou thus infected my three Girles,  
Vrging the lone of those, I most abhorde ;  
Vnthrifts, Beggars ; what is worse,  
And all because they are your Country-men ?

*Anth.* Why sir, I taught them not to keepe a Marchants  
Booke, or cast accompt : yet to a word much like that  
word account.

*Pisa.* A Knaue past grace, is past recovery.  
Why sirra *Frisco*, Villaine, Logger head, where art thou ?

*Enter Frisco, the Clowne.*

*Fris.* Heere's a calling indeed ; a man were better so  
lue a Lords life and doe nothing, then a seruing creature,  
and neuer be idle. Oh Master, what a messe of Brewesse  
stands now vpon the poynt of spoyling by your hasti-  
nesse ; why they were able to haue got a good Remacke  
with child, even with the sight of them ; and for a Vapour ;  
oh precious Vapour, let but a Wench come nere them  
with a painted face, and you should see the paint drop and  
curdle on her Cheekes, like a peece of dry Essex Cheese  
toasted at the fire.

*Pisa.*

*A Woman will haue her Will.*

*Pisa.* Well sirra, leane this thought, & mind my words,  
Glue diligence, inquire about  
For one that is expert in Languages,  
A good Musitian; and a French-man borne;  
And bring him hither to instruct my Daughters,  
Ile ne're trust more a smooth-tac'd English-man.

*Frisc.* What, must I bring one that can speake Languages? what an old Ass is my Master; why hee may speake  
*flaunt & saunt* as well as French, for I cannot vnderstand him

*Pisa.* If he speake French, thus hee will say, *there are do*:  
What, canst thou remember it?

*Frisc.* Oh, I haue it now, for I remember my great  
Grandfathers Grandmothers sisters coosen told mee, that  
Pigges and French-men, speake one Language, *there, there*;  
I am Dogg at this: But what must he speake else?

*Pisa.* Dutch. *Frisc.* Let's heare it?

*Pisa.* *Hauue butterkin slowpin.*

*Frisc.* Oh this is nothing; for I can speake perfect Dutch  
when I list.

*Pisa.* Can you? I pray let's heare some.

*Frisc.* Nay. I must haue my mouth full of meate first,  
and then you shall heare mee grumble it foorth full mouth,  
as *Hauue Butterkin slowpin frokin*: No, I am a simple  
Dutch man: Well, Ile about it.

*Pisa.* Stay sirra, you are too hastie; for hee must speake  
one Language more.

*Frisc.* More Languages? I trust hee shall haue Tongues  
enough for one mouth: But what is the third?

*Pisa.* Italian.

*Frisc.* Why that is the easiest of all, for I can tell whether  
he haue any Italian in him even by looking on him.

*Pisa.* Can you so, as how?

*Frisc.* Ma'try by these three poynts, a Wanton Eye,  
Pride in his Apparell, and the Diuell in his Countenance.  
Well, God keep me from the Diuel in seeking this French-  
man: But doe you heare me Master, what shall my fellow  
*Anthony* doe, it seemes hee shall serue for nothing but so  
put



*A Woman will haue her will.*

put Latine into my yongue Mistrisles: *Exit Priſt*

*Piſa.* Hence aſſe, hence loggerhead, begon I ſay.  
And now to you that readeſ Philosophy,  
Packe from my houſe, I doe diſcharge thy ſervice;  
And come not neere my doores: for if thou doeſt,  
Ile make thee a publike example to the world.

*Anſw.* Wellcrafty Fox, you that worke by wit,  
It may be, I may liue to ſit you yet. *Exit Anſw.*

*Piſa.* Ah ſirrah, this tricke was ſpide in time,  
For if but two ſuch Lectures more theyd heard,  
For euer had their honeſt names bin marde:  
Ile in and rate them: yet that's not beſt,  
The Girles are wiſfull, and ſenerity  
May make them careleſſe, mad, or deſperate.  
What ſhall I doe? Oh! I haue found it now;  
There are three wealthy Merchants in the Towne.  
All Strangers, and my very ſpeciall friends,  
The one of them is an Italian:  
A French-man, and a Dutch-man, be the other:  
Theſe three intirely doe affect my daughters.  
And therefore meane I they ſhall haue the tongues,  
That they may anſwere in their ſeuerrall Language:  
But what helps that? they muſt not ſtay ſo long:  
For whiles they are a learning languages,  
My Engliſh Youthes, both wed and bed them too:  
Which to preuent Ile ſeeke the Strangers out,  
Let's looke: tis paſt a leaſen, Exchange time full,  
There ſhall I meet them, and conferre with them,  
This worke craues haſt, my Daughters muſt be Wed,  
For one monthes ſtay, then farewell Mayden-head. *Exit.*

*Enter Harvy, Heigham, and Valgrau.*

*Heigh.* Come Gentlemen, w're almoſt at the houſe,  
I promiſe you this walke ore the Tower-hill,  
Of all the places London can afford,  
Hath ſweeteſt Ayre, and ſitteth our deſires.

*Harv.* Good reaſon, ſo it leades to Croched Fryers,  
Where

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Where old Pisaro, and his daughters dwell;*  
Looke thou on that the broad way leades to Hell;  
They say Hell stands below, downe in the deepe, on a  
Hill downe that Hill, where such good wenche keepe,  
But first, Noe, what sayes *Mother* to thee?  
Wilt fadge with fadge? My haire will be a match for  
yours, if thou say you will, chiefly twill as toone:

*For I can scarce begin to speake tother;*

But I am interrupted by her Father.

Ha, what say you, and then put down his mouth;

Able to shaddow *Peas* at this great night?

Well, tis no matter, first, this is his house,

Knocke for the Churle, bid him bring out his Daughters;

He, that I will, though he be hang'd for it.

*Heig.* Heyda, heyda, nothing with you but up and ride;

Youle know if this, ere you can reach the doore,

And haue the Wench, before you compass her doore.

You are too hasty, *Pisaro* is a man,

Not to be fed with words, but won with Gold.

But who comes here?

*Enter Ambrosio.*

*Wal.* Whom *Ambrosio* out friend?

Say man, how far off? *Lone* it doth *Ambrosio*?

Can she tell you? *How doth she*?

Will old *Pisaro* take me for his son?

For I thanke God, he kindly takes out Lands,

Swearing good Gentlemen, you shall not want.

While old *Pisaro* and his credit hold,

He will be dandied, the Ringle before his doore.

*Harr.* Prethy talke milder: let but thee alone,

And thou in one batche hour wilt kee him more,

Then hee remember in an hundred yeere.

Come from him, *Wal.* and say what newes?

*Anth.* The newes for me is bad, and this is ill.

*Pisaro* hath dishonour'd his service.

*Harr.* Dishonour'd this of his service? for what cause?

*Anth.*

*A Woman will have their will.*

*Anth.* Nothing, but that his daughters learne *Philosophy*.

*Harn.* Maydes should reade that, it teacheth modestie.

*Anth.* I, but I left out mediocritie,

And with effectuall reasons, vrgd your loue.

*Walg.* The fault was small, we three will to thy Master,  
And beg thy pardon.

*Anth.* Oh, that cannot be,

He hates you far worser, then he hate me;

For all the loue he shewes, is for your lands,

Which he hopes sure will fall into his hands:

Yet Gentleman; this comfort take of me,

His daughters to your loue affected be:

Their Father is abroad: They three at home,

Goe cheerefully in, and cease that is your owne death:

And for my selfe, but grace what I intend,

Ile overreach the Clarke, and helpe my friend.

*Heng.* Build on our helpes, and but devise the means.

*Antho.* Pisaro did command Frisco his man,

(A simple fellow kept onely but for mirth)

To inquire about in London for a man,

That were a French man, and Musitian,

To be (as I suppose) his daughters Tutor:

Him if you meet, as like enough you shall,

He willer quire of you of his affaires;

Then make him answere, you three came from *Paris*:

And in the middle walke, once you espide,

Fit for his purpose, then describe this Cloake,

This beard, and Hat: for in this borrowed shape,

Must I beguile, and ouer-reach the *Footman*:

The Maiden must be acquainted with this disguise,

The doore doth open: I dare not say reply,

Lest being discrid: Gentlemen adue,

And helpe him now that oft hath helped you.

*Heng.* Frisco the *Clowne* you say.

*Walg.* How now sir, whether are you going?

*Fris.* Whether am I going, how shall I tell you, which

*English men for my money : or*

doe not know my selfe, nor vnderstand my selfe :

*Heigh.* What dost thou meane by that?

*Frisc.* Marry sir, I am seeking a Needle in a Bottle of Hay, a monster in the likenesse of a Man : one that in stead of good morrow, asketh what Porrage you haue to Dinner, *Parles vous signiour* ? one that never washes his fingers but licks them cleane with kisses ; a clipper of the Kings English : and to conclude, an eternall enemy to all good Language.

*Harn.* What's this? what's this?

*Frisc.* Doe not you smell me? Well, I perceiue that vvit doth not alwayes dwell in a Satten-doublet : vwhy, tis a French man, *Bastiman eue*, how doe you?

*Heigh.* I thanke you sir, But tell me whar wouldest thou doe with a French man.

*Frisc.* Nay faith, I would doe nothing with him, vnlesse I set him to teach Parrets to speake : marry the olde Assc my Master, would haue him to teach his Daughters, though I trust the whole world sees, that there be such in his house that can serue his Daughtersturne, as well as the proudest French man : but if you be good Laddes, tell me vwhere I may finde such a man?

*Heigh.* We will, goe hye thee straight to Paules, There shalt thou finde one sitting thy desire ; Thou soone mayst know him, for his Beard is blacke, Such is his rayment, if thou runn'st appace, Thou canst not misse him *Frisc.*

*Frisc.* Lord, Lord, how shall poore *Frisc.* reward your rich tydings Gentlemen : I am yours till Shroue-tuesday, for then change I my Coppy, and looke like nothing but Red-Herring-Cobbes, and Stock-Fish ; yet Ile doe somewhat for you in the meane time : my Master is abroad, and my young Mistresse at home : if you can doe any good on them before the French-man come, why so? Ah Gentlemen, doe not suffer a litter of Languages to spring vp amongst vs : I must to the Walke in Paules, you to the Vestrise. Gentlemen, as to my selfe, and so forth. *Exit Frisc.*

*Harn.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Herr.* Fooles tell the truth, men say, and so may he :  
Wenches we come now, Loue our conduct be,  
Ned, knocke at the doore : but soft, forbear :

*Enter Laurencia, Marina, and Mashea.*  
The Cloude breakes vp, and our three Sunnes appeare.  
To this I flye, shine bright my lines sole stay,  
And make griefes night a glorious Summers day.

*Mari.* Gentlemen, how welcome you are here,  
Guesse by our lookes, for other meanes by feare  
Prevented is : our fathers quick returne  
Forbids the welcome, else we would haue done.

*VVally.* *Mashea,* How these faithfull thoughts obey,

*Mat.* No more sweet lone, I know what thou wouldst  
You say you loue me, so I wish you still, (say :  
Loue hath Loues hise, being ballanc'd with good will :  
But say ; come you to vs, or come you rather  
To pawne more Lands for money to our father ?  
I know tis so, a Gods name spend at large :  
What man ? our marriage day will all discharge ;  
Our Father (by his leane) must pardon vs,  
Age, saue of age, of nothing can discusse :  
But in our loues, the Proverbe weele fulfill :  
Women and Maydes, must alwaies haue their will.

*Heigh.* Say thou as much, and adde life to this Coarse.

*Laure.* You selfe & your good news doth more enforce :  
How these haue set forth lone by all their wis,  
I sweare in heart, I more then double it.  
Sisters be glad, for he hath made it plaine,  
The meanes to get our Scoolemaster againe :  
But Gentlemen, for this time cease our loues,  
This open street perhaps suspicion moues,  
Faine we would stay, bid you walke in more rather,  
But that we feare the comming of our Father :  
Goe to th'Exchange, craue Gold as you intend,  
Pisare scrapes for vs ; for vs you spend :  
We say farewell, more sadlier, be bold,

*A Woman will haue her will.*

Then would my greedy father to his Gold;  
We here, you there, aske Gold; and Gold you shall:  
Weele pay the int'rest, and the principall. *Exeunt Sisters.*

*Walg.* That's my good Girles, and Ile pay you for all.

*Harn.* Come to th'Exchange, and when I feele decay,  
Send me such Wenches, Heavens, I still shall pray. *Exeunt*

*Enter Pisaro, Delion the Frenchman, Vandalle the Dutchman, Alvaro the Italian, and others.*

*Merchants, at severall doores.*

*Pisa.* Good morrow, M. Strangers.

*Strang.* Good morrow sir.

*Pisa.* This (loving friends) hath thus emboldned me,  
For knowing the affection and the love,  
Master Vandalle, that you beare to your daughter;  
Likewise, and that with ioy, considering too,  
You Monsieur Delion, would faine dispatch;  
I promise you, me thinkes the time did fit,  
And does bir-Lady too, in mine advice,  
This day to close a full conclusion vpon;  
And therefore made I bold to call on you,  
Meaning (our businesse done here at the Burse)  
That you at ming entreaty should walke home,  
And take in worth such Viands as I haue;  
And then we would, and so I hope we shall,  
Looke vpon the knot that you desire,  
But for a day or two; and then Church rites  
Shall sure conforme, confirme, and make all fast.

*Vand.* Seeker Master Pisaro, meane so greatly dancke  
you, dat you make me so sure of a Wench, dat I can neit  
dancke you enough.

*Delion.* Monsieur Pisaro, mon Pere, mon Vadersen, Oh de  
grande ioye you giue me (econtre) mee sal go home to your  
House, sal eat your Biskon, sal eat your Beefe, and shall take  
de Wench, de fine Damselle.

*Pisa.* You shall, and welcome, welcome as my soule;  
But were my third Sonne, sweet Alvaro, heere,

We



*A Woman will have her will.*

We would not stay at the the Exchange to day.  
Buy hys home and there end our affayres.

*Enter Moore and Tower.*

*Moore.* Good day, Mr *Pisaro*.

*Pisaro.* Master *Moore*, marry with all my heart good  
morrow sir. What newes? What newes?

*Moore.* This Marchant heere, my friend, would speake  
with you, boy.

*Tow.* Sir, this iolly South-west wind, with gentle blast,  
Hath driven home our long expected Ships;  
All laden with the wealth of ample Spaine,  
And but a day is past since they arriv'd  
Safely at Plimbooth, where they yet abide.

*Pisaro.* Thanks is too small a guerdon for such newes,  
How like you this newes, friend? Master *Vandale*,  
Heer's somewhat towards for my Daughters dowry:  
Heer's somewhat more then we did yet expect.

*Tower.* But heare you sir, my businesse is not done;  
From these same Ships I did receive these Lines,  
And there inclos'd this same Bill of Exchange,  
To pay at sight: if so you please, accept it.

*Pisaro.* Accept it, why? What fir should I accept?  
Have you received Letters, and not it?  
Where is this lazie villaine, this slow Poast?  
What brings he every man his Letters home,  
And makes me no body does he, does he?

I would not have you bring the counterfeits,  
And if you do, I will be sure to find them out.  
I know my Factors writing well enough.

*Tower.* You do not, sir? I will see your Factors writing  
I scorne as much as you do to receive it.

*Pisaro.* How will you do it, sir? I will see your Factors writing  
I scorne as much as you do to receive it.

*Tower.* You do not, sir? I will see your Factors writing  
I scorne as much as you do to receive it.

*Pisaro.* How will you do it, sir? I will see your Factors writing  
I scorne as much as you do to receive it.

*Tower.* You do not, sir? I will see your Factors writing  
I scorne as much as you do to receive it.

*Pisaro.* How will you do it, sir? I will see your Factors writing  
I scorne as much as you do to receive it.

*Tower.* You do not, sir? I will see your Factors writing  
I scorne as much as you do to receive it.

*English-men for my money: or,*

I pray make bold vvith me.

*VVdg-* I, vvith your Daughters

You may be sworne, vvcele be as bold as may be

*Pisa.* Would you haue ought vvith me, I pray now speak.

*Heigh.* Sir, I thinke you vnderstand our sute,

By the repaying we haue had to you:

Gentlemen, you know, must want no Coyne,

Nor are they flanes vnto it, vvhen they haue:

You may perceine our mindes; What say you to't?

*Pisa.* Gentlemen all, I looe you all:

Which more to manifest this after noone

Betweene the howres of two and three repaire to me;

And were it halfe the substance that I haue,

Whilest it is mine, tis yours to command.

But Gentlemen, as I haue regard to you,

So doe I wish youle haue respect to me:

You know that all of vs are mortall men,

Subiect to change and mutabilitie;

You may, or I may, soone pitch ore the Pearch,

Or so, or so, haue contrary crosses:

Wherefore I deeme but meere equity,

That something may betwixt vs be to shew,

*Heigh. M. Pisas,* vvithin this two moneths vvithout  
faile, We will repay.

*Enter Browne.*

*Browne.* God save you Gentlemen.

*Genel.* Good morrow sir.

*Pisa.* What *M. Browne*, the onely man I wisht for?

Does your price fall? what shall I haue these Cloathes?

For I would ship them straight for Stoude: Y

I doe vvith you my money fore another.

*Brow.* Faith you know my price sir, if you haue them.

*Pisa.* You are to deare in sadnesse, *M. Heigham*:

You were about to say somewhat, pray proceede.

*Heigh.* Then this it was: those Lands that are not mor-  
gag'd.

*Enter*

*A Woman without her will*

*Enter Post, and a boy* I haue giued to

*Post.* God blesse your worship.

*Pisa.* I must crave pardon: Oh sure, are you come?

*Walg.* Hoyda, boy doe. What's the matter now?

Sure, yonder fellow will be some implecter.

*Han.* What's he, sure you thinke, that so they doo the about?

What old *Pisano* mixed with this madnesse?

*Heigh.* Vpon my life, his same body brings newes.

The Court broken vp, and we shall know their Counsell:

Looke, looke, how heely they fall in reading.

*Pisa.* I am the last: you should haue kept it still.

Well, we shall see what newes you bring with you.

Our duty premised, and we haue sent into your worship

Sacke, Sould, Pepper, Barbery Sugar, and such other

commodities as we thought most requisite. We wanted

money, therefore we are faine to take up some of Master

*Towers* money, which by a Bill of Exchange I sent to him,

We would request your worship pay accordingly.

You shall command sir, you shall command sir.

The newes here is, that the English ships, the *Fortune*,

your ship, the *Adventure* and *Good Faith* of London, com-

ing along by Italy towards Turkie, were set vpon by two

Spanish galleys: what befalls of them we know not, but

think, which by reason of the weather came out.

*Pisa.* How is it with you one, the weather calmed?

Now afore God, who would not doubt their safety?

A plague vpon these Spanish gallies Pyrates,

Roaring *Carydis*, or scouring *Sails*,

Were but halfe badgers to the anticke world,

As these same anticke Villaines now of late

Haue made the Straits betwixt Spain and Barbary.

*Tower.* Now sir, what doth your *Post*on Letter say?

*Pisa.* Marry he saith, these wicked hell-hounds

Haue met, and are beset with Spanish Gallies,

As they did sayle along by Italy.

What a boys made the doults neere Italy?

Could they not keepe the Coast of Barbary?

*English-men for my money: or,*

Or having past it, gone for Tripoly,  
Being on the other side of Sicily,  
As neere, as where they were vnto the Straits:  
For by the Globbe, both Tripoly and it,  
Lye from the Straits some twenty five degrees,  
And each degree makes threescore English miles.

*Tower.* Very true sir: But it makes nothing to my Bill of  
Exchange: this dealing fits not one of your account.

*Pisa.* And what fits yours a prating wrangling tongue,  
A womans ceaselesse and incessant babling,  
That sees the world turn'd top sir-turvie with me,  
Yet hath not so much wit to stay a while,  
Till I bemone my late excessive losse.

*Wal.* 'Swounds 'tis dinner time, Ile stay no longer  
Marke you a sword sin.

*Pisa.* I tell you sir, it would haue made you white,  
Worse then if shoales of lackliffe croaking Ravens  
Had seiz'd on you to feed their famish'd paunches,  
Had you heard newes of such a ravenous rout,  
Ready to seize on halfe the wealth you haue.

*Wal.* 'Sblood you might haue kept at home and be hang'd,  
What a pox care I.

*Enter a Post.*  
*Post.* God saue your worship, a little mony, and so forth.

*Pisa.* But men are senselesse now of others woe:  
This stonie age is growne so stony hearted,  
That none respects their neighbours miseries.  
I wish (as Poets doe) that *Saturnus* times,  
The long out-worne world, were in vse againe,  
That men might sayle without impediment.

*Post.* I marry sir, that were a merry world indeed: I  
would hope to get more money of your worship in one  
quarter of a yeere, then I can doe now in a whole twelue-  
moneth.

*Enter Balsa.*  
*Balsa.* Master *Pisano*, how I haue runne about,  
How I haue toy'd to day to finde you out!

*A Woman will have her will.*

At home, abroad, at this mine house, at that.  
Why I was here an houre agoe, and more,  
Where I was told you were, but could not finde you.

*Pisa.* Faith sir I was here, but was driven home:  
Here's such a common haunt of Crack-rope Boyes,  
That what for feare to haue my apparell spoild,  
Or my Ruffes durted, or Eyes strocke out,  
I dare not walke where people doe expect me.  
Well, things (I thinke) might be better lookt vnto  
And such Coyne to, which is bestow'd on knaves,  
Which should, but doe not see things be reformed,  
Might be employ'd to many better vses.  
But what of beardlesse Boyes, or such like trash?

*The Spanish Gallies:* Oh, a vengeance on them.

*Post.* Masse, this man hath the lucke on't: I thinke I can  
scarce ever come to him for money, but the vengeance on,  
and that a vengeance on'r, doth so trouble him, that I can  
get no coyne. Well, a vengeance on'r for my part; for hee  
shall fetch the next Letters himselfe.

*Brow.* I prethee, when this k'lt thou the ships will be  
come about from *Plimouth*?

*Post.* Next weeke, sir.

*Heigh.* Came you sir from Spaine lately?

*Post.* I, sir; Why aske you that?

*Harn.* Marry sir, thou seem'st to haue bene in the hot  
Countries, thy face looks so like a piece of rustie Bacon;  
had thy Host at *Plimmoth* meat enough in the house, when  
thou wert there?

*Post.* What though he had not, sir? but he had, how then?

*Harn.* Marry thanks God for it; for otherwise, he would  
doubtlesse haue cut thee out in Rathers, to haue eaten thee;  
thou look'st as thou wert through broyld already.

*Post.* You haue said, sir, but I am no meat for his mowing,  
nor yours neyther: if I had you in place where, you should  
find me tough enough in digestion, I warrant you.

*Vvalg.* What, will you swagger, sir? will ye swagger?

*Brow.* I beseech you, Sir, hold your hand. Gette home

*English man for my money: or,*  
ye Patch, cannot you suffer Gentlemen left with you?  
*Post.* I do teach him a gentle trick; and I had him of the  
Burie; but he watch him a good turne I warrant him.

*Moore.* Assure ye Master *Tom* for I cannot blame him,  
I warrant you it is no easie losse;  
How thinke you master *Stranger*? by my faith sir,  
There's twenty Merchants will be sorry for it,  
That shall be partners with him in his losse.

*Str.* Why sir, whats the matter?

*Moore.* The Spanish gallies have beset our Ships,  
That lately were bound out for Syria.

*March.* What not? I promise you I am sorry for it.

*Wal.* What an old Ass is this to keepe vs here:  
Master *Pisare*, pray dispatch vs hence.

*Pis.* Master *Kendall* I confesse I wrong you;  
But he but talke a word or two with him, and straight  
turne to you.  
Ah sir, and how then yfaith?

*High.* Turne to vs, turne to the Gallies if you will.

*Hon.* 'Tis Midsummer-Moone with him a let him alone,  
He calls Ned *Walgrave*, master *Vandale*. (*Pis.*)

*Wal.* Let it bee shrouetide, he not stay an ynche M.

*Pis.* What should you feare and as I haue vowd before  
So now againe; my Daughters shall be yours:  
And therefore I beseech you and your friends,  
Deferre your businesse till Dinner time;  
And what yond say, keepe it for table talke.

*Hon.* Marry and shall; a right good motion:  
Sir, old *Pisare* is growne kind of late,  
And in pure Love hath bid vs home to Dinner.

*High.* Good newes in truth: But wherefore art thou

*Wal.* For feare the same ere it be dinner time. (Sad.)  
Remembring what he did, recall his word:  
For by his idle speeches, you may sweare,  
His heart was not confederate with his tongue.

*Hon.* Tut neuer doubt, keepe stomachs till anone,  
And then we shall haue eares to feede vpon.

*Pis.*



*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Pisa.* Well sir, since things doe fall so crobely out,  
I must dispose my selfe to patience:  
But for your businesse, doe you assure your selfe,  
At my repaying home from the Exchange,  
He set a helping hand vnto the same.

*Alua.* *Signior* *Aluaro* the Italian.  
*Alua.* Doe I knowe *Signior* *Padre*, why be de malancholy  
so much, and grane in you? what Newes make you looke  
so naught?

*Pisa.* Naught is too good an Epithime by much,  
For to distinguish such contrariousnesse:  
Hath not swift Fame told you our slow sailde Ships  
Haue beene ore-taken by the swift sayld Gallies,  
And all my cared-for goods within the lurch  
Of that same Casterpiller brood of Spaine.

*Alua.* *Signior* ey, how de Spaniola haue almost tacke  
de Ship dar gon for Turkie: my *Padre*, harks you me one  
word, I haue receiue vn letters from my *Factor* de Vennise,  
dar after vn piculo battalion, for vn halfe howre de come  
a Winde fra de North, and de Sea gon tumble here, & tum-  
ble dare, dar make de Gallies run away for feare be almost  
drownde.

*Pisa.* How sir, did the Winde rise at North, and Seas  
vvaue rough: and were the Gallies therefore glad to fly?

*Al.* *Signieur* ey, & de ship go drite on the *Iscola* de *Cande*

*Pisa.* Wert thou not my *Aluaro*, my beloued,  
One whom I know does dearely count of me,  
Much should I doubt me that some scoffing lacke,  
Had sent thee in the midst of all my griefes,  
To tell a feigned tale of happy lucke. (leste.

*Alua.* Will you no belceue mee? See dare dan, see de

*Pisa.* What is this world? or vwhat this state of man,  
How in a moment curst, in a trice blest?  
But euen now my happy state gan fade,  
And now againe, my state is happy made,  
My goods vll safe, my Ships all seape away,

*English-men for my money or,*

And none to bring me newes of such good lucke,  
But whom the heauens haue mark'd to be my sonne:  
Were I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,  
None should more willingly be made mine Heyre,  
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good-newes teller,  
Ioy stops my mouth

*The Exchange Bell rings.*

*Balsa.* M. *Pisaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring:  
Wilt please you hasten to performe this businesse?

*Pisa.* What businesse sir? Gods me I cry you mercy:  
Doe it, yes sir, you shall command me more.

*Tower.* But sir, What doe you meane, doe you intend  
To pay this Bill, or else to palter with me?

*Pisa.* Mary God shield, that I should palter with you:  
I doe accept it, and come when you please;  
You shall haue money, you shall haue your money due.

*Post.* I beseech your worship to consider me.

*Pisa.* Oh, you cannot cogge: Goe to, take that,  
Pray for my life: pray that I haue good lucke,  
And thou shalt see, I will not be thy worst master.

*Post.* Marry, God blesse your worship; I came in happy  
time: What a French crowne? sure hee knowes not what  
he does: Well, Ile bee gone, lest he remember himselfe, and  
take it from me againe.

*Exit Post.*

*Pisa.* Come on my lads, M. *Fandalle*, (sweet son *Alvaro*:  
Come don *Balsaro*, lets be iogging home,  
Bir laken sirs, I thinke tis one a Clocke.

*Exit Pisa, Balsaro, Alvaro, Delion, and Fandalle:*

*Brow.* Come M. *Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,  
I thinke it best we get vs home to dinner.

*Moore.* I know that I am lookt for long ere this:  
Come M. *Tower* son, lets walke along.

*Exit Moore, Browne, Tower son, Strangers, and Merchant.*

*Heigh.* And if you be so hot vpon your dinner,  
Your best way is to haste *Pisaro* on,  
For he is cold enough, and slow enough;

He

*A Woman will haue her will.*

He hath so late digested such cold newes.

*Valg.* Marry and shall: Heare you master *Pisare*.

*Harn.* Many *Pisars* here: vvhhy how now *Ned*;  
Where is your *Mad*, your welcome, and good cheare?

*Valg.* Come, lets follow him; Why stay we here?

*Heigh.* Nay, prethee *Ned Valg*, lets bethinke our selues  
There's no such haste, we may come time enough:

At first *Pisare* bad vs come to him

Twixt two or three a Clocke at after noone?

Then was he old *Pisare*; but since then,

What with his griefe for losse, and ioy for finding,

He quite forgot himselfe, when he did bid vs,

And afterward forgot, that he had bid vs.

*Valg.* I care not, I remember it well enough:

He bad vs home, and I will goe, that's flat,

To teach him better wit another time.

*Harn.* Heer'le be a gallant iest, vvhhen vve come there,

To see how mad'd the greedy chaffe will looke

Vpon the Nations, Sects, and Factions,

That now haue borne him company to dinner:

But hark you, let vs not goe to vex the man;

Prethee sweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

*Valg.* Not goe? indeed you may doe vvhhat you please,

Ile goe that's flat: nay, I am gone already,

Stay you two, and consider further of it.

*Heigh.* Nay, all vwill goe, if one: prethee stay;

Thou'rt such a rash and giddy-headed youth,

Each stone's a thorne: Hoyda, he skips for haste;

Young *Harny* did but iest; I know heele goe.

*Valg.* Nay, he may chuse for me: But if he will,

Why does he not? vvhhy stands he pratling still?

If youle goe, come: if not, farewell.

*Harn.* Hire a Poast-hoarse for him (gentle *Frank*)

Heer's haste, and more haste then a hasty Pudding:

You mad man, mad-cap, vvilde-oates; vve are for you.

It bootes not stay, vvhhen you inrend to goe.

*Valg.* Come away then.

*Enter*

*English-men for my money or,*

And none to bring me newes of such good lucke,  
But whom the heauens haue mark'd to be my foine:  
Were I a Lord as great as *Alexander*,  
None should more willingly be made mine Heyre,  
Then thee thou golden tongue, thou good newes teller,  
Ioy stops my mouth

*The Exchange Bell rings.*

*Balsa.* M. *Pisaro*, the day is late, the Bell doth ring:  
Wilt please you hasten to performe this businesse?

*Pisa.* What businesse sir? Gods me I cry you mercy.  
Doe it, yes sir, you shall command me more.

*Tower.* But sir, What doe you meane, doe you intend  
To pay this Bill, or else to palter with me?

*Pisa.* Mary God shield, that I should palter with you:  
I doe accept it, and come when you please;  
You shall haue money, you shall haue your money due.

*Post.* I beseech your worship to consider me.

*Pisa.* Oh, you cannot cogge: Goe to, take that,  
Pray for my life: pray that I haue good lucke,  
And thou shalt see, I will not be thy worst master.

*Post.* Marry, God bleſſe your worship: I came in happy  
time: What a French crowne? sure hee knowes not what  
he does: Well, Ile bee gone, lest he remember himselfe, and  
take it from me againe.

*Exit Post.*

*Pisa.* Come on my lads, M. *Vandalle*, sweet son *Aluaro*:  
Come don *Balsaro*, lets be iogging home,  
Bir laken sirs, I thinke tis one a Clocke.

*Exit Pisaro, Balsaro, Aluaro, Delion, and Vandalle:*

*Brow.* Come M. *Moore*, th'Exchange is waxen thin,  
I thinke it best we get vs home to dinner.

*Moors.* I know that I am lookt for long ere this:  
Come M. *Towerſon*, lets walke along.

*Exit Moore, Browne, Towerſon, Strangers, and Merchant.*

*Heigh.* And if you be so hot vpon your dinner,  
Your best way is to haſte *Pisaro* on,  
For he is cold enough, and slow enough;

He

*A Woman will haue her will.*

He hath so late digested such cold newes.

*Wal.* Marry and shall: Heare you master *Pisare*.

*Han.* Many *Pisares* here: vvhhy how now *Ned*;  
Where is your *Mist*, your welcome, and good cheare?

*Wal.* Come, lets follow him: Why stay we here?

*High.* Nay, prethee *Ned* *Wal.* lets bethinke our selues  
There's no such haste, we may come time enough:

At first *Pisare* bad vs come to him

Twixt two or three a Clocke at after noone?

Then was he old *Pisare*: but since then,

What with his griefe for losse, and ioy for finding,

He quite forgot himselfe, when he did bid vs,

And afterward forgot, that he had bid vs.

*Wal.* I care not, I remember it well enough:

He bad vs home, and I will goe, thar's flat,

To teach him better wit another time.

*Han.* Heerle be a gallant iest, vvhhen vve come there,

To see how mard the greedy chaffe will looke

Vpon the Nations, Sects, and Factions,

That now haue borne him company to dinner:

But hark you, let vs not goe to vex the man;

Prethee sweet *Ned* lets tarry, doe not goe.

*Wal.* Not goe? indeed you may doe vvhhat you please;

He goe thar's flat: nay, I am gone already,

Stay you two, and consider further of it.

*High.* Nay, all vwill goe, if one: prethee stay;

Thou'rt such a rash and giddy-headed youth,

Each stone's a thorne: Hoyda, he skips for haste;

Young *Harny* did but iest: I know heele goe.

*Wal.* Nay, he may chuse for me: But if he will,

Why does he not? vvhhy stands he prattling still?

If youle goe, come: if not, farewell.

*Han.* Hire a Poast-horse for him (gentle *Franks*)

Heer's haste, and more haste then a hasty Pudding:

You mad-man, mad-cap, vvilde-oates; vve are for you,

It bootes not stay, vvhhen you intend to goe.

*Wal.* Come away then.

*Enter*

*English-men for my money &c.*

*Enter Pisara, Aluaro, Delio, and Vandalia.*

*Pisara.* A shoul and welcomes, friends: *Monfieur Delio,*  
Ten thousand Ben-venues vnto your selfe:  
*Seignior Aluaro, Maister Vandalia,*  
Prowd am I, that my rooffe containse such Friends.  
Why *Mell, Laurencia, Mathe,* Where be these Girles?

*Enter the three Sisters.*

Lively my Girles, and bid these Strangers welcome:  
They are my friends, your friends, and our very willers:  
You cannot tell what good you may haue on them.  
Gods me, why stirre you not? Harko in your eare,  
These be the men, the choyse of many millions,  
That I your carefull father haue provided  
To be your husbands; therefore bid them welcome.

*Mathe.* Nay by my troth, 'tis not the guise of maids  
To giue a slapping Saluta to men:  
If these sweet youths haue not the wits to doe it,  
We haue the honestie to let them stand.

*Vand.* Godscherlin, dat vn fra maskin, *Monfieur Delio*  
*liendare de Grote freister,* dore vrede is vroe, *is vn fra*  
Daughter, darn heb ic so long loude, dare Heb my desire so  
long gewest.

*Alua.* Ah *Venice, Roma, Italia, Francia, Angliora,* nor all  
dis orbe can shew so much helix, *veremmen de sacuda,*  
*Madona de granda bewit.*

*Delio.* Certes me dincke de mine dopeteta de little An-  
gloise, de me Matresse *Pisara* is vn nette, vn beuen, vn fra,  
et vn rendra Damocella.

*Pisara.* What Stockes, what stones; what seneclesse  
Truncks be these?

When as I bid you speake, you hold your tongue;  
When I bid peace, then can you prate, and chat,  
And gossip: But goe too, speake and bid welcome,  
Or (as I liue) you were as good you did.

*Mari.* I cannot tell what Language I should speake:  
If I speake English (as I can none other.)

They



*A Woman will haue her will.*

They cannot vnderstand me, nor my welcome.

*Alua. Billa Maloua,* dat is no language so *dulce*; *dulce* dat is sweet, as de language, dat you shall speake, and de vel come dat you fall say, fall he vell know perfoytement.

*Mari.* Pray sir, what is all this in English?

*Alua.* De *vel* fal vel teach you vat dat is; and if you fal please, I will teach you to parler *Italiano*.

*Pisa.* And that me thinks sir, not without need:  
And with Italian, to a Childes obedience,  
With such desire to seeke to please their Parents,  
As others farre more venous then themselves,  
Doe dayly strine to doe: But tis no matter,  
He shewly putt your haughy stomacks downe:  
He teach you vge your Father; make you runne,  
When I bid runne; and speake when I bid speake:  
What greater crosse can careful Parents haue (*knock within*)  
Then carelesse Children. Stirre and see who knocks?

*Enter Harry, V Valgrane And Heigham.*

*V Valg.* Good morrow to my good Mistris *Matha*.

*Math.* As good a morrow to the morrow giver.

*Pisa.* A marren, what make these? What do they here?

*Heigh.* You see master *Pisaro*, we are bold guesstes,  
You could haue bid no surer men then we.

*Pisa.* Harke you Gentlemen; I did expect you  
At afternoone, nor before two a Clocke.

*Herru.* Why sir, if you please, you shall haue vs heere at  
two a clocke, at three a clocke, at foure a clocke; nay, till  
to morrow this time; yet I assure you sir, wee came not to  
your house without inviting.

*Pisa.* Why Gentlemen, I pray who bad you now?  
Who euer did iclure hath done you wrong:  
For scarcely could you come to worser cheare.

*Heigh.* It was your owne selfe bad vs to this cheare,  
When you were busie with *Bullaro* talking;  
You bad vs cease our suits till dinner time,  
And then to vse it for our table talk.

*English-men for my money: or,*

And we I warrant you as sure as Steele.

*Pisa.* A murren on your selues, and surencie too:  
How am I crost: Gods me what shall I doe?  
This was that ill newes of the Spanish Pirats,  
That so disturb'd me: well, I must dissemble,  
And bid them welcome, but for my daughters  
He send them hence, they shall not stand and prate.  
Well my Masters, Gentlemen, and Friends,  
Though vnexpected, yet most heartily welcome;  
(Welcome with a vengeance) but for your cheere,  
That will be small: yet too too much for you.  
*Mall*, in and get things ready.

*Laurentia*, bid *Maudlin* lay the cloath, take vp the meate:  
Looke how she stirres; you fallen Else, you Callet,  
Is this the haste you make? *Exeunt Marina, & Laurentia.*

*Alva.* Signior *Pisaro*, ne sei at so malcontento de Gen-  
tlewoman your filigola dit parler, but a litella to, de gentile  
homa our grande amico.

*Pisa.* But that graunde amico, is your graunde inimico:  
One, if they be suffered to parlar,  
Will poll you, / and pill you of your wife:  
They lone together: and the other two,  
Loves her two Sisters: but tis onely you  
Shall crop the flower, that they esteeme so much.

*Alva.* Do dey so; vel let me lone, sal see me giue dem de  
such graund mocke, sal be shame of dem selues.

*Pisa.* Doe sir, I pray you doe; set lustily vpon them,  
And Ile be ready still to second you.

*Wal.* But *Mat*, art thou so mad as to turne French?

*Mat.* Yes marry, when two Sundayes come together  
Thinke you I learne to speake this gibberidge,  
Or the Pigges language? Why, if I fall sicke,  
They le say, the French (*et cetera*) infected me.

*Pisa.* Why how now Minion, what is this your seruice?  
Your other Sisters busie are imployde,  
And you stand idle: get you in, or

*Exit Mathea.*

[*Wal.* If you chide her, chide me (master *Pisaro*!)]

For

*A Woman will haue her will.*

For but for me, she had gone in long since.

*Pisa.* I thinke she had: for we are sprights to scare her:  
But ere't belong, Ile drive that humor from her.

*Alma.* Signior, me tincks you sould no make de wenche  
so hardee, so disobedient, to de padre as ditt madona *Mos*.

*Walg.* Signior, me thinkes you should learne to speake  
before you should be so foole-hardy, as to woe such a May-  
den as thar *Madona Mast*.

*Delio.* Warent you Monsieur, he sal parle wen you sal  
stand out de doure.

*Harp.* Harke you Monsieur, you would with your selfe  
halte hanged, you were as sure to be let in as hee.

*Van.* Macke no doubt de signior *Alma* sal do wel enough.

*Heig.* Perhaps so: but me thinkes your best way were to  
ship your selfe for *Stood*, and thereto barter your selfe for a  
commoditie: for I can tell you, you are here out of liking.

*Pisa.* The worst perhaps dislike him, but the best e-  
steeme him best.

*Harn.* But by your patience sir, me thinkes none should  
know better who's the Lord, then the Lady.

*Alma.* Den de Lady, vat Lady.

*Harn.* Mary sir, the Lady let her alone: one that meanes  
to let you alone for feare of trouble.

*Pisa.* Every man as he may: yet sometimes the blinde  
may catcha Hare.

*Heigh.* I sir, but he will first eate many a Flye:  
You know it must be a wonder, if a Crab catch a Fowle.

*Vand.* *Marr bort ens*: if he & ic & monsieur *Delio* be de  
Crab, we sal kash de Fowle wel enough I warrant you.

*Walg.* I, and the Foole well enough I warrant you:  
And much good may it doe yee.

*Alma.* Me dincke such a piculo man as you be, sal hane  
no de suet grande lucke madere.

*Delio.* Non da Monsieur, & he be so granda amorous op  
de Damofella, he sal haue *Maudelin* de witt Wensthe in de  
Kichine by maiter *Pisaroos* leave.

*Walg.* By M. *Pisaroos* leaue, Monsieur Ile mumble you ex-  
cept

*English men for my money: or,*

cept you learne to knowe, whom you speake to: I tell thee *Francois*, Ile haue (maugre thy teeth) her that shall make thee gnash thy teeth to waite.

*Pisa.* Yet a man may want of his will, and bate an Ace of his wish. But Gentlemen, every man as his lucke serues, and so agree we: I would not haue you fall out in my house: Come, come, all this was in iest: now let's too't in earnest, I meane with our teeth, and trie who's the best Trencher-man.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Ah sirra, now I know what manner of thing *Powles* is; I did so marle afore what it was, out of all count: For my master would say, Would I had *Powles* full of Gold: my young Mistrisses, and *Grimken* our Taylor, would wish they had *Powles* full of needles: I, one askt my Master halfe a yeard of Freeze to make me a Coat, and he cryde whoope holly-day, it was bigge enough to make *Powles* a Night-gowne. I haue becom roide, that *Duke Humphrey* dwells here: and that hee keepes open house, and that a braue sort of Cammileres dine with him every day: now if I could see any vision in the world towards dinner, I would set in a foote. But the best is, as the ancient English Roman Orator saith, *So-lame-men, Advers, Hausa-wines*, and so forth: the best is, that I haue great store of Companie that doe nothing but goe vp and downe: and goe vp and downe, and make a grumbling together, that the meat is so long making ready. Well if I could meete this scurue *Frenchman*, they should stay for me, for I would be gone home.

*Enter Antho.*

*Antho.* I beseech you, Monsieur, give me audience.

*Frisco.* What would you haue? What should I giue you?

*Antho.* Pardon, sir, mine vncivill and presumptuous intrusion, who endeavour nothing lesse, then to prouoke or exasperate you against mee.

*Frisco.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Frise.* They say, a word to the Wise is enough: so by this little *French* that he speakes, I see hee is the very man I seeke for. Sir, I pray, what is your name?

*Antha.* I am nominated *Monsieur Le Monche*, and rest at your *bon seruice*.

*Frise.* I vnderstand him; partly yea, and partly nay: Can you speake *French*? *Consent* *vous monsieur madame*

*Antha.* If I could not sir, I should ill vnderstand you: you speake the best *French* that euer trode vpon Shoe of Leather.

*Frise.* Nay, I can speake more Languages then that: This is *Italian*, is it not? *Nelle parole Carcerana.*

*Antha.* Yes sir, and you speake it like a very Naturall.

*Frisco.* I beleene you well now for *Duch*.

*Ducky de doe* wait hee yee geer brought.

*Antha.* I pray stop your mouth, for I neuer heard such *Dutch* before brocht.

*Frise.* Nay I thinke you haue not met with no Peasant: Heare you *M. Monse*, (so your name is I take it) I haue considered of your learning in these afore said Languages, and find you reasonable: So, lo, now this is the matter; Can you take the ease to teach these Tongues to two or three Gentlewomen of mine acquaintance, and I will see you paid for your labour.

*Antha.* Yes sir, and that most willingly.

*Frise.* Why then *M. Monse*, to their vse, I entertaine ye, which had not been but for the troubles of the world, that I my selfe haue no leasure to shew my skill: Well sir, if youle please to walke with mee, Ile bring you to them.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Laurencia, Marina, and Mathan.*

*Lauren.* Sit till Dinners done; not I, I twaine.

Shall I stay? till be belch into mine eares

Those Rusticke Phrases, and those Dutch French termes,

Stammering halfe Sentences dogbolt Eloquence

And when he hath no loue, for-sooth, why then,

Hee tells me Cloth is deare at *Animette* and the men,

*English men for my money : or*

Of *Amsterdam* haue lately made a Law,  
That none but *Dutch*, as he, may traffique there.  
Then stands he still, and studies what to say :  
And after some halfe houre, because the Affe  
Hopes (as he thinks) I shall not contradict him,  
He tells me, that my Father brought him to me,  
And that I must performe my Fathers will.  
Well good-man Goose-cap, when thou woest againe,  
Thou shalt haue simple ease, for thy Loues paine.

*Mash.* Alas poore Wench I sorrow for thy hap,  
To see how thou art clogg'd with such a Dunce :  
Forsooth my Sire hath fitted me much betrer ;  
My *Frenchman* comes vpon me with the *Sa, sa, sa,*  
Sweet *Madame* pardone moy I pra :  
And then out goes his Hand, downe goes his Head,  
Swallowes his Spittle, frizzles his Beard ; and then to mee :  
*Pardone moy* *Mistresse* *Mashua,*  
*If I be bold, to make so bold met you,*  
*Thinks it goe will doe spurre me du up you:*  
*Doe cast neit off so good ards true Louer,*  
*Madama celestura de la* (I know not what)  
*Doe oft pray to God doe me wond lone her:*  
And then he reckons a Catalogue of Names,  
Of such as loue, and yet cannot get him.

*Mari.* Nay, but your *Monsieurs* but a Mouse in Cheese,  
Compar'd with my *Signior* : He can tell  
Of Lady *Venus*, and her Sonne blind *Cupid* ;  
Of the faire *Scilla*, that was lou'd of *Glancus*,  
And yet scorn'd *Glancus*, and yet lou'd King *Minos* ;  
Yet *Minos* hated her, and yet she holp'd him ;  
And yet he scorn'd her ; yet she kill'd her Father  
To doe him good ; yet he could not abide her.  
Nay, heele be bawdy too in his discourse,  
And when he is so, he will take my Hand,  
And tickle the Palme, wincke with his one Eye,  
Gape with his Mouth, and

*Laur.* And hold thy tongue, I prethee, here's my father.

*Enter*



*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Enter Pisa, Aluaro, Vandalle, Delion, Harau,  
Walgrau, and Heigham.*

*Pisa.* Vnmannerly, vntaught, vnnurtur'd Girles,  
Doe I bring Gentlemen, my very friends,  
To feast with me, to reuell at my house,  
That their good likings may be set on you;  
And you, like misbehau'd and fullen Girles,  
Turne tayle to such, as may aduance your states:  
I shall remember, when you thinke I doe not.  
I am sorry Gentlemen, your cheare's no better;  
But what did want at Board, excuse me for,  
And you shall haue amends be made in Bed.  
To them friends, to them; they are none but yours:  
For you I bred them, for you I brought them vp.  
For you I kept them, and you shall haue them:  
I haue all others that resort to them.  
Then rowse your bloods, be bold with what's your owne,  
For I and mine (my friends) be yours, or none.

*Enter Frisco, and Anthony.*

*Frisco.* God-gee-god-morrow sir, I haue brought you M.  
Monsie heere, to teach my young mistresses: I assure you  
(for sooth) he is a braue Frenchman.

*Pisa.* Welcome friend, welcome: my man (I thinke).  
Hath at the full resolu'd thee of my will.  
Mounsieur *Delion*, I pray question him;  
I tell you sir, 'tis onely for your sake,  
That I doe meane to entertaine this fellow.

*Antho.* A bots of all ill lucke, how came these here?  
Now am I pos'd, except the Wenches helpe me:  
I haue no French to slap them in the mouth.

*Haru.* To see the lucke of a good fellow, poore *Anthony*.  
Could nere haue sortet out a worser time:  
Now will the packe of all our flye devices  
Be quite layde ope, as one vndoes an Oyster.  
*Branks, Heigham, and mad Ned*, fall to your Muses,

*English men for my money: 27.*

To helpe poore *Anthony* now at a pinch,  
Or all our market will be spoyld and marde,

*VValg.* Tut man, let vs alone, I warrant you.

*Delio.* Monsieur, *Vous estes tresbien venu; de quill pais estes vous.*

*Anth.* Vous, that you: sure he sayes, how doe men call you Monsieur *le monche*?

*Mari.* Sister, helpe sister: thats honest *Anthony*.  
And he answers your woer, *cinis contrarium*.

*Delio.* Monsieur, *Vous n'entens pas; le ne demande pas, vostre nom.*

*Math.* Monsieur *Delio*, he that made your shoes, made them not in fashion: they should haue beene cut square at the toe.

*Delio.* Madame, my *Sho n'est de square toe, vas be dai?*

*Pisa.* Why saue-box; how now you vnreuerent mincks  
Why? in whose Scable hast thou beene brought vp,  
To interrupt a man in middst of speech?

Monsieur *Delio*, disquiet not your selfe,  
But as you haue begun, I pray proceed  
To question with this Countreman of yours.

*Delio.* Dat me sal doe tresbien, but de *Bella Madona*  
de iune Gentlewoman demontre some signe of amour to  
speake lot mee, epuret monsieur, mee fall say but two tree  
fourre hue word to dis *François* for sus monsieur *Le mon-*  
*che en quelle party de francke esties vous ne?*

*Harn.* Francke.

*Heigh.* Ned.

*VValg.* What, let me come.

Master *Pisaro*, we haue occasion of affaires,  
Which calls vs hence with speed; wherefore I pray  
D'serre this businesse till some fitter time,  
And to performe what at the Exchange we spoke of.

*Antho.* A blessing on that tongue faith *Anthony*,

*Pisa.* Yes marry Gentlemen, I will, I will.

*Alvaro* to your taske. fall to your taske,  
He beare away those three, who being here,

Would

*A Ffemen will have her will,*

Would set my daughters on a merry pin  
Then cheerly try your luckes; but speake, and speed,  
For you alone (say I) shall doe the deed.

*Exeunt Pisan, Harvy, Volvrich, and Heigham;*

*Frisc.* Heare you, M. *Maus*, did you dine to day at  
Paules, with the rest of the Gentlemen there?

*Antho.* No sir, I am yet undined.

*Frisc.* Mee thinkes you should have a reasonable good  
stomacke then by this time: as for mee, I can feel nothing  
within me, from my Mouth to my Codipicte. But all emp-  
tie: wherefore I thinke it a peece of wisdom, to goe in and  
see what *Mandast* hath provided for our dinner. M. *Maus*,  
will you goe with me?

*Antho.* With as good a stomacke, and desire, as your  
selfe.

*Frisc.* Let's passe in then.

*Exeunt Frisco, and*

*Vanda.* Han seg you Doctory vor yar cause, vor why

bede also much grooter the strange, is seg you war, if that  
ghy speake to me, is dat ghylone me?

*Lauren.* Ist that I care not for you, ist that your breath  
stinkes, if that your breath stinkes not, you must stinke  
sweeter English, ist that you wonder at your waist?

*Delion.* Pardon me, ist that you wonder at your waist?

*Math.* With all my heart, is you off and on short?

*Desiq.* Is Haran offence, to be amorous of one belle Gen-  
ties fromed?

*Math.* I fir see your will, but a woman cannot be  
amorous of you.

*Mar.* Then if I were as that belle Gen-  
ties, I would trouble her no further, nor be amorous any longer.

*Alon.* Madam, yet be the seller of de fute, for the  
of all de Corporat, be such the corporation, for all de  
shante, han make him be the seller of de fute, for all de  
shante.

*Lawr.* But Signior *Alon*, if the particulars of that shante  
were such, that shee should love and live with another,  
then

*English men for my money: or,*

then the dulce visage must bee leste in spite of the lovers  
teeth, whilest he may whine at his owne ill fortune.

*Vand.* Datta waer matresse, for it is vnttrue saying, dey  
wint de taught dey verleife the scrat sin garr.

*Math.* And I thinke to y<sup>e</sup> are like to scratch there, but  
neuer to claw any of my sisters loue away.

*Vand.* Dan sal your sistree doe gainst her. Vaders will,  
for your Vader segt dat ick sal heb har vor mine wife.

*Laur.* I thinke not so sir, for I neuer heard him say so,  
but Ile goe in and aske him if his meaning be so.

*Mark.* Marke sister, signior *Aluaro* sayth, that I am the  
fayrest of all vs three.

*Laur.* Beleene him not, for heele tell any lye.

If he thinke thou mayest be pleas'd thereby.

Come goe with me and nere stand prating heere.

I haue a iest to tell thee in thine care,

Shall make you laugh: com let your signior stand.

I know there's not a Wench in all this Towne,

Seoffes at him more, or loues him less then thou.

Master *Vandale*, as much I say to you:

If needes you marry with an English Lass,

Woe her in English or sheele call you Ass.

*Math.* Tut that's a French cog: sure I thinke,

There's here a Wench in France not halfe so fond.

To woe and sue so for your Monneriship.

*Delia.* Parma foy Madame, shee does thinke dare is no

Wench so dure as you: for de Fille was cree dulce, tendre,

and amorous for me to loue hir: now mee tinche dat I be

ing such a fine man, you shold loue me.

*Math.* So thinke not I, sir.

*Delia.* But do ancke est oder Damosellas.

*Math.* Nay, I lay my loue to your commande,

That my sisters thinke not so: How say you sister *Math*?

Why, how now Gentlemen, is this your rather?

What beaten in plaine field: where be your maydes?

Nay, then I see their loming humor fades,

And they refuse their inrest vp to me;

And

*Any man will have her will.*

And yet I cannot serve for all you three :  
But lest you should be mad, that I love one,  
You shall be all alike, and love none:  
The world is scant, when so many lacke Daves,  
Houer about one Coarse with greedy pawes:  
If needes youle haue me, stay till I am dead,  
Carriou for Crowes, *Matha* for her *Ned* :  
And so farewell, we sisters doe agree,  
To haue our willes, but nere to haue you three. *Exeunt.*

*Delio. Madama attendez, Madama: is she alle? doe she*  
*moque de nous in such sort?*  
*Vand. Oh de pestilence, ho if datick can neit de se*  
*Engelse spreake vel, ick sal her Fader seg how is to passe ge-*  
*comen.*

*Enter Pisaro.*

*Alua. No parlato, see heere signions de Fader.*  
*Pisa. Now Friends, now Gentlemen, how speeds your*  
*worke; haue you not found them shrewd vnhappy Girles?*  
*Vanda. Meester Pisaro, de Dochter maistris *Lawrentia*,*  
*calle de Dyel, den Assc, for dat ick can neit English sprea-*  
*ken.*

*Alua. Ande dot we sall no parler, dat wee sal no haue*  
*den for de wine.*

*Pisa. Are they so lusty? Dare they be so proude?*  
*Well, I shall finde a time to meet with them:*  
*In the meane season, pray frequent my house.*

*Enter Frisco running.*

*Ho, now sirra, whither are you running?*

*Friso. About a litle tiny businesse.*

*Pisa. What businesse, Assc?*

*Friso. Indeed I was not sent to you: and yet I was sent*  
*after the three Gen-men that din'de here, to bid them come*  
*to our house at ten a clocke at night, when you were abed.*

*Pisa. Ha, what is this? Can this be true?*  
*What, art thou sure the Wenches bode them come?*

*Friso. So they said, vnlesse their mindes bee changed*  
*since*

*English men for my money: or,*

since for a Woman is like a Weather-cock they say, and I am sure of no more then I have said of it: but he goes in and bid them send you word, whether they shall come or no.

*Pisa.* No sirra, stay you here: but one word more: Did they appoint them come one by one, or else altogether?

*Frisc.* Altogether: Lord that such an old man as you should haue so more wile: why if they should come together one could not make room for them; but coming one by one, they le stand there if there were twenty of them.

*Pisa.* How this newe glada mee, and reuiues my soule: How say you sirra, what will you haue a iest worth the telling; nay, worth the asking: I haue it Gentlemen, I haue it Friends.

*Anna.* Signior *Pisa*, I pray be gracie wat maniere sal we haue? wat will the matter be wat ben doe you know Signior *Pisa*, dichesti noi signor *Pisa*.

*Pisa.* Oh that youth so sweet, so toone should turne to age; were I as you, why this were sport alone for me to doe.

Hark ye, hark ye; here my man saith that the Girles haue sent for master *Hughbanks*, And his two friends; I know they loue them dearely And therefore with them late arriue be here, To reuell vvith them: Will you haue a iest, To worke my vvill, and giue your longings rest:

Why then, master *Vandalle* and you two, Shall soone at midnight come, as they should doe, And court the Wench, and to be vnknowne, And taken for the men, vvhom they alone So much affect; each one shall change his name: Master *Vandalle*, you shall take *Hughbanks*, and you Young *Harvey*, and Monsieur *Delion*, *Ned*, And vnder shadowes be of substance spced: How like you this device? how thinke you of it?

*Delia.* Oh de bravi de gallardo deuise: me sal come by de  
nite



*A Woman will haue her will.*

*After a courtier faite de Anglois Gentlehomies dicte nous  
ainsi monsieur Piffo.*

*Piffo.* You are in the right fir.

*Alua.* And I shall name me de signior *Haruy*, ende mon-  
sieur *Delion* (al be de piculo signior *Ned*, ende when mado-  
na *Laurentia* (al say, vvho be dare? *M. Vandalle* (al say, Oh  
my sount Laide, hier be your loue Mestro *Heigham*: Is no dis  
de braniffone, master *Vandalle*.

*Vanda.* Slaet vp den tromele, van ick sal come  
Vp to de camerken, vvaa my new Wineken  
Slaet vp den tromele, van ick sal come.

*Piffo.* Ha, ha, ha, master *Vandalle*,  
I trow you vvill be merry soone at night,  
When you shall doe indeed, vvat now you hope of.

*Vanda.* I sal vseg vader, ick sal tesh your daughter (such a  
fine, make her laugh too.

*Piffo.* Well try tomes all, (for so I count you shall)  
What vve haue heere deuise, prouide me for:  
But about all, doe not (I pray) forget  
To come but one by one, as they did vvish.

*Vanda.* Mar hott ens vader, ick veite neire de vveye to  
your houis, hott ens sal master *Prisco* your manneken come  
to call de me, and bring me to v house.

*Piffo.* Yes marry shall he: see that you be ready,  
And at the hower of a clock soone at night:  
Hie you to Bucklersbury to his Chamber,  
And so direct him straight vnto my house:  
My Sonne *Aluaro*, and monsieur *Delion*,  
I know doth know the vway exceeding vvell:  
Well, vvell to the Role in Barken for an houre:  
And fir *Prisco*, see you prone no blab.

*Exeunt Piffo, Aluaro, Delion, & Vandalle.*

*Frisc.* Oh monstrous, vvho vvould thinke my master  
had so much wit in his old rotten budger: and yet yfaith he  
is not much troubled vvith it neither. Why what wile man  
in a Kingdome vvould send mee for the Dutchman? Does

*English-men for my money: or,*

he thinke Ile not cousten him; Oh fine, Ile haue the braneft sport: Oh braue. Ile haue the gallantest sport: Oh come: now if I can hold behind, while I may laugh a while, I care not: Ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Anthonie.*

*Antho.* Why how now *Frisco*, why laughest thou so heartily?

*Frisco.* Laugh, *M. Mouse*; Laugh: Ha, ha, ha.

*Antho.* Laugh: why should I laugh? or why art thou so merry?

*Frisco.* Oh Master *Mouse*, Master *Mouse*, it would make any *Mouse*, Rat, Cat, or Dogge, laugh to thinke, what sport we shall haue at our house soone at night. Ile tell you: all my young Mistresses sent mee after *M. Heigham*, and his friendes, to pray them come to our house after my old Master was a bed. Now I went, and I went; and I runne, and I went; and whom should I meete, but my Master, and Master *Pisero*, and the Strangers: so my Master very worshipfully (I must needes say) examined me whither I went: now I durst not tell him an vtruth, for feare of lying; but told him plainely and honestly mine arrand. Now who would thinke my Master had such a monstrous plague wite? hee vvas as glad as could bee: out of all scotch and notch glad, out of all count glad: And so firra hee bid the three Vplandish-men come in their steads, and vvoe my young Mistresses. Now it made mee so laugh, to thinke how they will bee cousten'd, that I could not follow my Master: But Ile follow him, I know hee is gone to the Tauerne in his merry humour. Now if you will keepe this as secret as I haue done hitherto, wee shall haue the braneft sport soone, as can bee. I must bee gone: say nothing.

*Exit.*

*Antho.* Well, it is so,  
And we will haue good sport, or it shall goe hard;  
This must the Wenches know, or all is mar'd.

*Enter.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Enter the three Sisters.*

Harke you Mi. *Moll*, Mi. *Laurentia*, Mi. *Matt*,  
I haue such newes (my Girles) will make you smile.

*Mari*. What ber they Maister, how I long to heare it?

*Ambo*. A woman right, still longing, and with child,  
For every thing they heare, or light vpon:  
Well, if you be mad Wenches, heare it now,  
Now may your knaueries giue the deadliest blow  
To night-walkers, canse-droppers, or outlandish loue,  
That ere was stricken.

*Math. Anthony Monche*,  
Moue but the matter; tell vs but the iest,  
And if you find vs slacke to execute,  
Neuer giue credence, or beleue vs more. (loues,

*Ambo*. Then know: The Strangers your Outlandish  
Appointed by your Father, comes this night  
In stead of *Flawy*, *Heighum*, and young *Ned*,  
Vnder their shaddowes to get to your bed:  
For *Frisco* simply told him why he went:  
I need not to instruct, you can conceine,  
You are not Stockes nor Stones, but haue some store  
Of wite and knauery too.

*Math. Anthony*, thanks  
Is too too small a guerdon for this newes;  
You must be English: Well sit signor sowse,  
He teach you trickes for coming to our house.

*Laur*. Are you so crafty, oh that night were come,  
That I might heare my Dutchman how hee'd sweare  
In his owne mother Language, that he loues me:  
Well, if I quit him not, I here pray God,  
I may lead Apes in Hell, and die a Mayde:  
And that were worser to me then a hanging.

*Ambo*. Well said old honest huddles: here's a heape  
Of merry Lasses: Well, for my selfe,  
He hie me to your Lovers, bid them maske  
With vs at night, and in some corner stay

Neere

*English-men for my money yet,*

Neere to our house, where they may make some play  
Vpon your riualls : and when they are gone,  
Come to your windowes.

*Mari*, Doe so, good Master.

*Antho*. Peace, be gone; for this our sport,  
Some body soone will mourne.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisa.*

*Pisa*. How fauourable heauen and earth is scene,  
To grace the mirthfull complot that is layd,  
Nights Candles burne obscure, and the pale Moone  
Fauouring our drift, lyes buried in a Cloud.  
I can but smile to see the simple Girles,  
Hoping to haue their sweet hearts here to night,  
Tickled with extreame ioy, laugh in my face.  
But when they finde the strangers in their steads,  
Theyle change their note, and sing another song.  
Where be these Girles here? what to bed to bed?  
*Mandlin* make fast the doores, take vp the fire.

*Enter the three Sisters.*

Gods me, 'tis nine a'clock; harke, Bow-bell rings: *Knocks*.  
Some looke downe below, and see who knocks.  
And harke you Girles, settle your hearts at rest,  
And full resolute you, that to-morrow morne  
You must be wed to such as I preferre;  
I meane *Aluaro* and his other friends:  
Let me no more be troubled with your Nays,  
You shall doe what Ile haue, and so resolute.

*Enter Moore.*

Welcome M. *Moore*, welcome;  
What winde a gods name drives you forth to late?  
*Moore*. Faith sir, I am come to trouble you,  
My wife this present night is brought to bed.  
*Pisa*. To bed; and what hath God sent you?  
*Moore*. A iolly Girle, sir.

*Pisa.*

*A Woman will have her will.*

*Pisa.* And God blasse her : But what's yours will fir?  
*Moor.* Faith fir, my house being full of friendship  
Such as (I thank them) came to see my Wife,  
I would request you, that for this one night,  
My daughter *Saffron* might be lodged here.

*Pisa.* Lodge in my house, welcome with all my heart.  
*Moor.* hark you, she shall lie with you,  
Trust me she could not come in fitter time.  
For heere you sir, to morrow in the morning,  
All my three Daughters must be married,  
Good master *Moor* let's have your company?  
What say you fir, welcome honest friend.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Moor.* How now sirra, what's the newes with you?  
*Pisa.* Mowche heart you, there becomes to morrow  
For then I meane your Schollers shall be wed:  
What newes, what newes man, that you looke so sad.

*Moor.* He bring me word my Wife is now falne sick,  
And that my daughter cannot come to night:  
Or if she does, it will be very late.

*Pisa.* Beleue me I am then more sorry for it.  
But for your daughter come she soone or late,  
Some of vs will be vpto let her in,  
For heere betwixt this and that to sleepe to night:  
Well you must be gone; commend me to your Wife,  
Take heede how you goe downe, the staires are bad,  
Bring heere a light.

*Moor.* Tis well I thanke you fir.  
*Pisa.* Good night master *Moor*, farewell honest friend,  
Come, come to bed, tis nine and poss, now  
Doe not stand prating heere to make me fetch you,  
But get you to your Chambers.

*Anthe.* Birdy heere's short worke, hark you  
Will you to morrow marry with the strangers?  
*Moor.* Y sayn fir no, He first leape out at Window,  
Before *Maria* marry with a stranger.

*English-men for my money: or,*

*Antho.* Yes bee your father sweares, you shall haue one.

*Ma.* Yes but his Daughters sweare, they shall haue none.  
These horeforn Canniballs, these Phillistines,  
These tango mongers shall not rule o're me,  
Ile haue my will and *Ned*, or Ile haue none.

*Antho.* How will you get him? how will you get him?  
I know no other way, except it be this;  
That when your father's in his soundest sleepe,  
You ope the doore and runne away with them.

*All Sisters.* So we will rather then misse of them.

*Antho.* Tis well resolved yfaith, and like your selues,  
But heare you? to your Chambers presently,  
Lest that your father doe discry our drift, *Exeunt Sisters*  
Mist'ris *Susan* should come but she cannot,  
Nor perhaps shall not, yet perhaps she shall,  
Might not a man conceipt a pretty iest?  
And make as mad a Riddle as this is,  
If all things sadge not, as all things should doe,  
We shall be sped, sayth, *Marr* shall haue her due.

*Enter Vandall, and Frisco.*

*Vand.* Wear be you mester *Frisco*.

*Frisco.* Here sir, here sir, now if I could consen him, take  
hee'de sir, heres a post.

*Vand.* Ick be ingre'tely hot, dare ick sweete, Oh when  
shal we come dare.

*Frisco.* Be you so hotte sir, let me carry your Cloake, I  
assure you it will ease you much.

*Vand.* Dare here, dare, tis so Darke ey can neit see.

*Frisco.* I, so, so, now you may trauell in your Hose and  
Doublet: now looke has like the Dutchman, as if I vvere  
spit out of his mouth Ile straight home, and speake groote  
and broode, and toot and gibbrish; and in the dark: Ile  
haue a fling at the Wenches. Well, I say no more; farewell  
*M. Mendall*, I must goe seek my fortune. *Exit Frisco.*

*Vand.* Mester *Frisco*, mester *Frisco*, wat say you no speak;  
make you de Foole? Why mester *Frisco*; Oh de skellum,

he



*A Woman will haue her will.*

he be ga met de Cloake, me sal leghen mecher, han mecher  
*Frisco, waer sidy mecher Frisco. Exit Vandal.*

*Enter Harry, Heigham, and Fulgus.*

*Hary.* Goes the case so vvell signor bottle-nose?  
It may be we shall ouerreach your drift?  
This is the time the Wencher sent vs vword  
Our bumbast Dutchman and his mates will come,  
Well near Italian, you must don my shape:  
Play your part well or I may haps pay you.  
What, speecchlesse Ned? saych whereon mustest thou?  
Tis on your French corriual, for my life:  
He comes *as you see*, and so forth,  
Till he hath soyked in a Brat or two?  
How then, how then?

*Fulg.* Nay he geld him first,  
Ere that infectious losell reuell there.  
Well *Mast*, I thinke thou knowest what Ned can doe;  
Shouldst thou change Ned for Noddy, use for him,  
Thou didst not know thy losse, yfaith thou didst not.

*Heigh.* Come leaue this idle chaffe, and lets provide  
Which of vs shall be scar-crow to these Fobles,  
And set them out the way?

*Fulg.* Why, that will I.

*Hary.* Then put a sword into a mad-mans hand:  
Thou art so hasty, that but crosse thy humor,  
And thou'lt be ready crosse them ore the pates:  
Therefore for this time, he supply the room.

*Heigh.* And so we shall be sure of chaff enough:  
You'll hold them with your shoures and gullies so long,  
That all the night will scarcely be enough  
To put in practise, what we haue deuised:  
Come, come, he be the man shall doe the deed.

*Hary.* Well, I am content to saue your longing,  
But soft, where are we? Ha, heere's the house:  
Come let us take our stands: *Francis stand you there,*  
And Ned and I will crosse t'other side.

*Englisht men for my money: or,*

*Heigh. Doe lo: what huff, I heare one passing hither.*

*Enter Alua.*

*Alua. Oh de favorable aspect of de heaven, tis so obscure, (blacke, so blacke, dat no mortall creature can know de me: I pray a Dio I sal have de reight Wench: Ah si be rechte, here be de buia of signor Pifara, I sal have de mada dona Marina, and darvor I sal knocke to de dore.*

*Heigh. What a poz are you mad or drunke? What, doe you meane to breake my Glasse?*

*Alua. What be dat Glasse? Wat drunke, was mad?*

*Heigh. What Glasse fir, why my Glasse: and if you be so crancke, Ile call the Constable: you will not enter into a mans house (I hope) in sight of him?*

*Horn. Nor durst you be so bold as to stand there, Yf once the Master of the house did know it.*

*Alua. Is dit your House? be you de Signor of dis Cassar?*

*Heigh. Signor vs no signors, noy kasse mieno cassar: but get you hence, for you are like to taste of che Bastinado.*

*Heigh. Doe do good, Ferdinand, pou must be the loggerhead.*

*Alua. Is this it? the house of master Pifara?*

*Heigh. Yes marry, when? can you tell? how doe you? I thanke you heartily, my finger in your mouth.*

*Alua. What be dat?*

*Heigh. Marry, that you are an Ass and a Loggerhead, To seeke master Pifara house heere.*

*Alua. I pray de gracia, what be dis playne? Wat doe ge call dit? Wat?*

*Heigh. What be dat? Ladsen ball, could you not see The foure spoutes as you came along?*

*Alua. Certemento, Ladsen ball, I hit my head by de way, dare may be de vort spouts, all grey de gracia, with bec de wey to Grathgrims.*

*Heigh. How to Grathgrims? Marry you must goe a long till you come to this pampo, and then turne on your right hand.*

*Alua.*

*A Woman will have her will.*

*Alas. Signior, adio.*

*Exit Alas.*

*Hera. Farewell and be hang'd signior.*

*Now for your fellow, if the Assa would come.*

*Enter Delia.*

*Delia. By my troe me doe so much tynke of die Gentlewoman de fine Wenshe, dat me tynke esb honer ten day, and each day ten yeare, till I come to her. Here be de huise of sin vader, fall alle and knoeke.* *He knoeke.*

*Heigh. What's bots ayle you, are you mad? Will you run over me and breake my Glasses?*

*Delia. Glasses, wat Glasses? Prey is monsieur Pisaro to de mayson.*

*Hera. Hache. Hache. Here's thy substance.*

*VValg. Nay by the Masse, the substance's heere. The shaddow's but an Assa.*

*Heigh. What Master Pisaro? Logged heere's none of your Pisaro's.*

*Delia. Yes but die is the bodis of master Pisaro.*

*VValg. What noe this monsieur Adaley take his answer? He goe and knoeke the asse about the pate.*

*Hera. Nay by your leave sir, but I'll hold your worship. This sturre we should haue had, had you stood there.*

*VValg. Why, should it not vse one to hear the asse, Stand prating here of die and dan, and den and dog.*

*Hera. One of thy mettles Nod, would surely doe its But peace, and harken to the rest.*

*Delia. Doe so de fine Gentlewoman mettles Nod, as well in die Plasse.*

*Heigh. No sir, here dwels none of your fine Gentlewoman: I were a good dead sir, to see who you are;*

*You come hither to steale my Glasses, And then counterfette you are going to your Queens.*

*Delia. I be deceu'd in this darke neight; here be no Wenshe, I be in de right plasse. I pray monsieur, wat be name dis streete, and with be de way to Crispin streete.*

*Heigh. Marry this is Fanechurch streete,*

*Englishman for my money: or*

And the best way to Crotched-friers, is to follow your nose  
*Delio.* Vanthe-street, how shallice me come to Vanthe-  
street? vel Monsieur, me must alle to Croche-friers:

*Exit Delio.*

*Walg.* Farewell fortipence, got seeks your Signior,  
I hope youle finde your selues two Dolts anone:  
*Hugh Ferdinand,* I heare the last come stamping hither.

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Ha sirra, I have lest my fatte Dutchman, and run  
my selfe almost out of breath too: now to my young Mi-  
stresses goe I, somebody cast an old shoe after me: but soft:  
how shall I doe to counterfeite the Dutchman, because I  
speake English so like a naturall; soft, take you no thought  
for that, let mee alone for *Squintum Squintum* i soft, here's  
my masters house.

*Hugh.* Whose there.

*Frisco.* Whose there, why sir here iat May, thars too  
good English; Why here be de growrite Dutchman.

*Hugh.* Then theres not onely a growrite head, but an  
Assc also.

*Frisco.* Whar bee yoo, yoo bee an English Oxe to call a  
gentile mean Assc.

*Hugh.* Harke Ned yonders good greeting.

*Frisco.* But yoo, and yoo bee master *Monsi* that dwell  
here, tell your Matresse *Laurencia* datt her sweet heart ma-  
ster *Vandall* would speake with hords.

*Hugh.* Master *Vandall*, gett you gone, lest you gett a  
broken pate and so marre all: heres no entrance for mistress  
*Laurencia* sweete heart.

*Frisco.* Gods sacarens wait is de lucke now.  
Shall not I come to my friend master *Pisar* hooft?

*Hugh.* Yea, and to master *Pisar*: Shooes too, if bee or  
they were here.

*Frisco.* Why my growrite friend, Mr *Pisar* doth dwell here.

*Hugh.* Sirra, you lye, heere dwells no body but I; that  
hawe dwelt here this one and forty yecres, and sold Glasses.

*Walg.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Wal.* Lye farder, one and fifty at the least.

*Frise.* Hoo, hoo, hoo; doe you giue the gentleman ahe lye?

*Harn.* I sir, and will giue you a lick of my Cudgell, if ye stay long and trouble the whole streete with your brawling; hence dolt, and goe seeke M. *Pisaras* house.

*Frise.* Goe seeke master *Pisaras* house;  
Where shall I goe seeke it?

*Heig.* Why, you shall goe seeke it where it is;

*Frise.* That is here in Crotched-Fryers?

*Heigb.* How Loger-head, is Crotched-Fryers here?  
I thought you were some such drunken Assle,  
That come to seeke Crotched-fryers in Tower-street:  
But get you along on your left hand, and be hangt;  
You haue kept me out of my Bed with your brangling,  
A good while longer then I would haue beene.

*Frise.* Ah, ah. How is this? Is not this Crotched-fryers?  
Tell mee, Ile hold a crowne they gaue mee so much wine at  
the Tauerne, that I am drunke, and know not ont.

*Harn.* My Dutchman's out his Compasse and his Card;  
Hce's reckning what winde hath droue him hither:  
Ile sweare he thinks neuer to see *Pisaras*.

*Frise.* Nay, tis so, I am sure drunke: soft let me see, what  
was I about? Oh now I haue it, I must goe to my Masters  
house and counterfeit the Dutchman, and get my young  
Mistresse: well and I must turne on my left hand, for I haue  
forgot the way quite and cleane:  
Fare de well good friend, I am a simple Duchman I.

*Exit Frise.*  
*Heigb.* Faire weather after you, and now my Laddes,  
Haue I not playde my part as I should doe?

*Harn.* Twas well, twas well: But now lets cast about,  
To set these Woodcocks farther from the house,  
And afterwards returne vnto our Girles.

*Wal.* Content, content; come, come make haste.

*Exit.*  
*Enter.*

*English-men for my money &c.*

*Enter Alano.*

*Alano.* I goe and turne, and dan I come to dis plashe, I can not tell watter, and sal doe I can not tell watter, turne by the Pumpe; I pumpe it faire.

*Enter Delio.*

*Delio.* Me alle; ende alle and can no come to Crocks-Fryers.

*Enter Frise.*

*Frise.* Oh miserable Blacke-pudding, if I can tell which is the way to my masters house, I am a Red-herring, and no honest Gentleman.

*Alano.* Who parlate daer?

*Delio.* Who be der? Who alle den?

*Frise.* How's this? For my life here are the Strangers: Oh that I had the Dutchmans hose, that I might creepe into the pockers; they'le all three fall upon me and beate me.

*Alano.* Who goe der ander?

*Delio.* Amis.

*Frise.* Oh braue atis no body, but Master Phares and the Frenchman going to our house, on my life I well, I'll haue some sport with them, if the Watch hinder mee not.

*Who goes there?*

*Delio.* Who parle der, in watter plashe, in watter street bee you?

*Frise.* Why sir, I can tell where I am; I am in Towerstreet: Where a Diuall be you?

*Delio.* To be here in Leadenhall.

*Frise.* In Leadenhall? I crow. I shall meete with you anon: in Leadenhall? What a simple Ass is this Frenchman. Some more of this: where are you sir?

*Alano.* Moy I be here in Vansbe-street.

*Frise.* This is excellent yfaith, as fit as a Fiddle: I in Towerstreet, you in Leadenhall, & the third in Fanchurch-street; and yet all three heare one another, and all three speake



*Any man will have his will.*

speake together : either we must be all three in *Leaden-hall*, or all three in *Tower-street*, or all three in *Fenchurch-street*, or all three fools.

*Alus. Monsieur Gentle-home*, can you well tell de way to *Crooked-fryer*?

*Frisc.* How to *Crooked-fryer*? I, I sir, passing well if you will follow me. (ranks

*Delio.* I dat me sal monsieur Gentle-home, and giue you *Frisc.* And monsieur *Alus.* I shall lead you such a lapne that you shall scarce giue mee thanks for. Come first follow me: now for a dirty Puddle, the pissing Conduit, or a greene Post, that might turne these two from Asses to Oxen by knocking their Hornes to their Fore-heads.

*Alus.* Where be de tow Signior?

*Frisc.* Euen where you will Signior, for I know not: Soft I smell. Oh pure Nose.

*Delio.* What doe you smell?

*Frisc.* I haue the scent of *London-stone* as full in my nose, as *Abchurch-lane* of mother *VValls* Pasties: Sirs feele about, I smell *London-stone*.

*Alus.* What be dis?

*Frisc.* Soft let me see; feele I should say, for I cannot see: oh lads pray for my life, for we are almost at *Crooked-fryer*.

*Delio.* Dars good? but wat be dis Post?

*Frisc.* This Post: why tis the May pole on *Inis-bridge* going to *VVestminster*.

*Delio.* Ho *VVestminster*, how come we to *VVestminster*?

*Frisc.* Why on your Legges foolcs, how should you go? Soft; heere's an other: Oh now I know indeed where I am; wee are now at the fardelt end of *Shoreditch*, for this is the May pole.

*Delio.* *Sordiche*; O dio, dere be some natie tinge, Tome Spirite do: leade vs.

*Frisc.* You say true sir, for I am afeard your *French* spirit is vp to far already, that you brought me this way, because you would find a Charm for it at the Blew Bore in the *Spittle*: But soft, who comes heere?

G

*Enter.*

*English mee for my money: or*

*Enter a Belman.*

*Bel.* Maydes in your Smocks, looke well to your Locks;  
Your fier and your light; and God giue you good night.

*Delio.* Monsieur Gentle-home, I prey parle one, too, tree,  
fore words wore vs to dis oull man.

*Frisc.* Yes marry shall I sir. I pray honest fellow, in what  
Streete be we?

*Bel.* Ho *Frisc.*, whither friske you at this time of night?

*Delio.* What, *Monsieur Frisco*?

*Alua.* Signor *Frisco*?

*Frisc.* The same, the same: Harke ye honestly, me thinkes  
you might doe well to haue an M. vnder your girdle, confi-  
dering how Signor *Alua*, and this other Monsieur do hold  
of mee.

*Bel.* Oh sir, I cry you mercy; pardon this fault, and Ile  
doe as much for you the next time.

*Frisc.* Well, passing over superfluous talke, I pray what  
Street is this; for it is so darke, I know not where I am?

*Bel.* Why art thou dranke, Dost thou not know *Fan-  
church-streets*?

*Frisc.* I sir, a good Fellow may sometimes be overseene  
among friends; I was drinking with my Master and these  
Gentlemen, and therefore no marvaile though I be none of  
the wisest at this present: But I pray thee good man *Butte-  
ricke*, bring me to my Masters house.

*Bel.* Why I will, I will, push that you are so strange now,  
adayes: but it is an old said saw, Honors change manners.

*Frisc.* Good-man *Buttericke* will you walke afore:  
Come honest friends, will ye goe to our house?

*Delio.* Ouy monsieur *Frisco*.

*Alua.* Si signior *Frisco*.

*Enter Vandale.*

*Vand.* O de skellam *Frisco*, it wee it neit waer ic bee, ic  
goe and hit my nose op dit post, and ic goe and hit my nose  
op danden post; Oh de villaine: Well, waer ben ic now?

Haw

*A Woman will have her will.*

Haw laet syen is duit neit croshe wrier, ya seker so ist and dit  
M. *Pisarus* huis : Oh de good shauce, well ic sall now haue  
de *Wensthe Laurentia*, mestris *Laurentia*.

*Enter Laurentia, Marina, Mathea, done.*

*Mari*, Who's there, master *Harry* ?

*Mathe*, Master *Walgrans* ?

*Laur*, Master *Heigham* ?

*Vand*, Ya my Loue, here be meester *Heigham* your groot  
frinde.

*Mary* How master *Heigham* my groet vrinde ?  
Out alas ; heer's one of the strangers.

*Lauren*, Peace you Mammert, let's see which it is ; wee  
may chauce teach him a strange tricke for his learning :  
M. *Heigham*, what wind drives you to our house so late ?

*Vand*, Oh my leif *Mecken*, de loue tol v be so groot, dat  
het bring me out my bed voor you.

*Mathe*, Ha, ha, we know the Assle by his cares ; it is the  
Dutchman : what shall we doe with him ?

*Laur*, Peace let him not know, that you are heere : M.  
*Heigham*, if you wil stay awhile that I may see if my father  
be a sleepe, and lle make meares we may come together.

*Vand*, Dat sal ick my Loue, is dit no well counterfett  
I speake so like meester *Heigham* as tis possible.

*Laur*, Well, what shall we doe with this Lubber ;  
(Lover I should say.)

*Mathe*, What shall we doe with him ?  
Why crowne him with a —

*Mari*, Fie Slutt : No, wele vse him clenlier ; you know  
we haue never a signe at the dore, would not the ick proue  
currant, to make the Dutchman supply that want.

*Laur*, Nay, the foole wil cry out, and so wake my father.

*Mat*, Why, then wele cut the rope and cast him downe.

*Laur*, And so ick out a hanging ; let's rather draw him vp  
in the Basket, and so starue him to death this frosty night.

*Mari*, In sadnesse, well aduise : Sister, doe you holde  
him in talke, and wele provide it the whilst.

English men for my money : or

*Laur.* Goes to then *M. Higham*, bid him *M. Higham*, doth my Father thinke that his vphindars can buy you and poore *Laurentia*? No, no, I haue found a drif in bringing you to my Chamber, if you haue but the heart to venter it.

*Vand.* Ventre, sal ick goe to de see, and be de see, and ore de see, and in de see voer my sweete *Louue*.

*Laur.* Then you dare goe into a Basket; for I know no other meanes to inioy your company, then for for my Father hath the Keyes of the Dore.

*Vand.* Sal ick climb vp to you? sal ick fly vp to you? sal ick, wat segdy?

*Math.* Bid him doe it Sister, we shall see his cunning.

*Laur.* Oh no, so he may catch a fall. There *M. Higham* Put your selfe into that Basket, and I will draw you vp: But no words I pray you, for feare my Sister heare you.

*Vand.* No, no, no words: Oh de sette Wench, ick come, ick come.

*Laur.* Are you ready master *Higham*?

*Vand.* Ia ick my sout Lady.

*Mari.* Merily then my Wench.

*Laur.* How heauie the Ass is: Master *Higham*, is there any in the Basket but your selfe?

*Vand.* Neit, neit, dare be no mans.

*Laur.* Are you vp sir?

*Mari.* Nor neuer are you like to climbe more higher:

Sisters, the Woodcock's caught, the Foole is caught.

*Vand.* My sout Lady I benue sit vp, pull me to v.

*Math.* When, can you tell, what master *Vandalle*,

A weather beaten soldier, an old wench, Thus to be ouer reach'd by three young Girtes?

Ah sirra now weele bragge with Mistress

To haue as fine a Parrot as she hath,

Looke sisters, what a pretty foole it is,

What a greene greasie shining Coat he hath,

An Almonds for Parrot, a rope for Parrot.

*Vand.* Doe you mock me seger siger,

I sal segy your

*Laur.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Lau.* Doe and you dare, you see heere is your fortune,  
Disquiet not my father, if you doe,  
He send you a vengeance to the ground,  
Well we must consile we trouble you.

And ouer watching makes a wife man madde,  
Much more a foole, theres a Cushion for you.

*Matt.* To bore you through the nose.

*Lau.* To lay your head on  
Couch in your Kennell, sleepe and fall to rest,  
And so good night for London mayde askorne still,  
A *Dutchman* should be seene to carbe their will.

*Vand.* Horre ye Daughter, horre ye, go, is see ker kin? will  
ye no let mee come tot your ick bid, you let mee come tot  
you, wat sal ick don, ick would neit vor vn hundred pounce  
*Aluaro & Delian* should see me ope dit manner, wel wat sal  
ick don, ick mont neit cal yet de Wenlbes wil cut de rope  
and brake my necke, ick sal here bleauen rill de morning,  
& dan ick sal cal ro mester *Pisara* & make him shafe & shite  
his dauctors: Oh de skellum *Frise*, Oh dea cruell Hores.

*Enter Pisara.*

*Pis.* He put the Light out, lest I be espied.  
For closely I haue stolne me forth a doores,  
That I might know, how my three Sonnes haue sped.  
Now (afore God) my heart is pissing light,  
That I haue ouerreach'd the *Forghum*  
Ha ha, *Miller Hondels*, many such night  
Will swagry our big fualbe bulke, and make it lancke:  
When I was young, neit though my Haire be gray,  
I haue a young mans pite to the death,  
And can as nicely trip it with a sciss,  
As those which folde the spring tide in their Beards:  
Lord how the very thought of former times,  
Supples these neere dried timbes with a iuenesse:  
Well, thoughts are shaddowes, sooner lost then seene,  
Now to my Daughters and their merry night,  
I hope *Aluaro* and his company,

*English-men for my money: or,*

Have read to them morall *Philosophy*,  
And they are full with it: Heere Ile stay,  
And tarry till my gallant youths come forth.

*Enter Harry, Walgrave, and Heigham.*

*Heigh.* You mad-man, wilde-ont, mad-cap, where art  
*Walg.* Heere afore. (thou?

*Harry.* Oh ware what loue is? *Walg.* hath found the scent,  
And if the Conny chance to misse her Borough,  
Shes ouerborne yfaith, she cannot stand it.

*Pisa.* I know that voyce, or I am much deceived.

*Heigh.* Come, why loyster we: this is the doore:  
But looke, heere's one asleepe.

*Walg.* Come, let me feele:

Oh tis some Rogue or other, spurne him, spurne him.

*Harry.* Be not so wilfull, prethee let him lye. (hoist,

*Heigh.* Come backe, come backe, for wee are past the  
Yonder's *Mathew* chamber with the light.

*Pisa.* Well fare a head, or I had bene discried.  
Gods me, what makes the youngsters heere so late?

I am a Rogue, and spurne him: well Iacke sauce,  
The rogue is waking yet to spoyle your sports.

*Walg.* Matt, Mistris *Mathew*, where be these Girles?

*Enter Mathew alone.*

*Math.* Who's there below?

*Walg.* Thy *Ned*, kind *Ned*, thine honest trusty *Ned*.

*Math.* No, no, it is the *Frenchman* in his stead,  
That Mounser morlicote that can dissemble:

Heare you *Frenchman*, packe to your Whores in *France*;

Though I am *Portingale* by the Fathers side,

And therefore should be lustfull, wanton, light;

Yet goodman Goosecap, I will let you know,

That I haue so much *English* by the Mother,

That no base slauering *French* shall make me stoope:

And so, sir *Dau-delson* fare you well.

*Walg.* What speechlesse, not a word: why how now *Ned*?

*Harry.*



*A Woman will have her will.*

*Har.* The wench hath tane him downe,  
He hangs his head.

*Wal.* You Don-dilion, you that talke so well:  
Harke you a word or two good mistress *Mat.*  
Did you appoynt your Friends to meet you heere,  
And being come, tell vs of Whores in France,  
A Spanish Ienner, and an English Mare,  
A Mongrill, halfe a Dogge, and halfe a Bitch,  
With Tran-dido, Dul-dido, and I know not what?  
Heare you, if you'll run away with *Ned*,  
And be content to take me as you find me,  
Why so law, I am yours: if otherwise,  
Youle change your *Ned*, to be a Frenchmans trull?  
Why then *Madame Delia*, *Je vous laissera a Dieu, & la bon*  
*fortune.*

*Matb.* That voyce assures me, that it is my Loue:  
Say truly, Art thou my *Ned*? art thou my Loue?

*Wal.* Swounds who should I be but *Ned*?  
You make me swear.

*Enter above Marina.*

*Mari.* Who saoke you to? *Mathea* who's below,

*Har.* *Marina.*

*Mari.* Young master *Henry*? for that voyce sauk so.

*Enter Laurencia.*

*Laur.* Speake sister *Mat*, is not my true Loue there?

*Matb.* *Ned* is.

*Laur.* Not master *Higham*?

*High.* *Laurencia*, heere.

*Laur.* Yfaith thou art welcome.

*High.* Better cannot fall.

*Matb.* Sweete so art thou.

*Mari.* As much to mine.

*Laur.* Nay, Gentles, welcome all.

*Pisa.* Here's cunning harlotries, they feed these off  
With welcome, and kind words, whilst other Lads

Reuell

*English-men for my money: or,*

Renell in that delight they should possesse

Good Girles, I promise you I like you well

*Mari.* Say master *Harvy*, saw you, as you came,

That Leacher, with his Sire appoynted his my man

I meane that wanton Basse *Pisa*

That *Spanish*-leather spruce companion:

That anticke Ape trickt vp in fashion:

Had the Ass come, I'd learne him difference bech

Betwixt an *English* Gentleman and him

*Heigh.* How would you vse him (sweete)

If hee should come

*Mari.* Nay nothing (sweet) but only with his crowne:

Why, the Ass woode in such an amorous key

That he presumes no Wench should lay him by:

Hee slauers not his Fingers, wipes his Bill,

And sweares, in sayth you that, in sayth I will,

That I am almost mad to bide his wooing.

*Heigh.* Looke what he said in word, hee say in doing.

*Walg.* Leauethought of him, for day hee is in space,

And to our Loues: will you performe your words;

All things are ready, and the Parson stands,

To ioyne us in hearts, our hands in hands:

Night fayours vs, the thing is quickly done,

Then trusse vp bagg and baggage, and be gone:

And ere the morning, to augment your ioyes

Wee le make you mothers of sixe goodly Boyes.

*Heigh.* Promise them three good *Mas*, and say no more.

*Walg.* But Ile get three, and if I get not foure.

*Pisa.* There's a sound card at *Maw*, a little too,

Your Father thought him well when one he had.

*Heigh.* What say you (sweete), will you performe your

words?

*Mas.* Loue to true loue, no letter meede afford

We say we loue you, and that loue is by death

Shall leade vs with you round about the Earth

And that our loyes, voyes, words, may all proue true,

Prepare your armes, for thus we flie to you

*They embrace.*

*Walg.*

*A Voman will haue her will.*

*Wal.* This workes like waxe, now ere to morrow day  
If you two ply it but as well as I, you shall  
Weele worke our hinds out of *Pisars* Daughters,  
And cancell all our bondes in their great Becks,  
When the flane knowes it, how the Rogue will doe.  
*Matt.* Sweete heart.

*Wal.* *Matt.*

*Mathe.* Where art thou?

*Pisa.* Heere.

*Mathe.* Oh Iesus heres our father

*Wal.* The Diuell hee is.

*Harn.* Master *Pisars*, twenty times Good morrow.

*Pisa.* good morrow? now I tell you Gentlemen,

You wrong and moue my patience ouermuch,  
What will you rob me, Kill me, Curse my Throate,  
And set mine ovyne blood here against me too,  
You huswifes? Baggages? or what is worse.  
Willfull, Stubborne, disobedient:

Vse it not Gentlemen abuse me not,  
Newgate hath rote, ther s law enough in England.

*Heigh.* Be not so testie, heare what wee can say.

*Pisa.* Wiu' de? first learne to keepe a wife,

Learne to be thrifte, learne to keepe your Lands,  
And learne to pay your debts to, Ladnie, else

*Wal.* What else, what Land, what Debts, what will  
you doe?

Haue you our Land in Mortgage for your money,  
Nay since tis so, we owe you not a Penny,

Frette not, Fume not, neuer bende the Browe:  
You take Ten in the hundred more then Law,

We can complaine, extortion, simony,  
Newgate hath rote, thers Law enough in England.

*Heigh.* Prethee haue done.

*Wal.* Prethy me no Prethies.

Here is my wife, Sbloud touch her, If thou darst,  
Hearest thou, lie lie with her before thy face,  
Against the Crosse in Cheape, here, any where.

H

What

*English. wee for my money: or*

What you old craftie Fox you.

*Heigh. Ned, stop there.*

*Pisa. Nay, say speake out, beare witness Gentleman.*  
Wheres *Mowche*, charge my Musket, bring me my bill,  
For heere are some that mean to rob thy Master.

*Enter Anthony.*

I am a Fox with you, well Iack sawce.  
Beware lest for a Goose, I prey on you.

*Exeunt Pisa and Daughters.*

In baggages, *Mowche* make fast the doore.

*Wal. A vengeance on ill lucke,*

*Antho. What neuer storme,*

But bridle anger with wise gouernment.

*Heigh. Whom? Anthony our friend, Ah now our hopes*  
Are found too light to ballance our ill happes.

*Antho. Tut nere say so, for Anthony*  
Is not deuoyde of meanes to helpe his Friends.

*Wal. Swoonds, what a diuell made hee foorth so late?*  
He lay my life twas hee that fainde to sleepe,  
And wee all ynspitious rearm'd a Rogue.

Oh God, had I but knownt him, if I had  
I would haue writ such Letters with my Sword  
Vpon the bald skin of his parching pate.

*Antho. These menaces are vaine, and helperh naught:*  
But I haue in the deapth of my conceit  
Found out a more materiall stratagem:  
Harke Master *Walgrane*, yours craves quick dispatch,  
About it straight, stay not to say farevvell.

*Exit Walgrane,*

You Master *Heighham*, hie you to your Chamber,  
And stirre not foorth, my shadow or my selfe,  
Will in the morning early visit you;  
Build on my promise fir, and so good night. *Exit Heighham.*  
Last, yet as great in loue, as to the first:

*A Woman will haue her will.*

Yf you remember, once I told a leſſe,  
How feigning to be ſicke, a Friend of mine  
Poſſeſt the happy iſſue of his Loe:  
That counterfeited humor muſt you play;  
I need not to inſtruct, you can conceiue;  
Vſe maſter *Browne* your Healt, as chiefe in this;  
But, firſt to make the matter ſeeme more true,  
Sickly and ſadly bid the churle good night;  
I heare him at the Window, there he is.

*Enter Piſare alone.*

Now for a trick to ouerreach the Diuell.  
I tell you fir, you vwrong my maſter much,  
And then to make amends, you giue hard vwords:  
H'ath beene a friend to you; nay more, a Father,  
I promiſe you, tis moſt vngently done.

*Piſa*. I, vvell ſaid *Mowbray*, now I ſee thy loue,  
And thou ſhalt ſee mine, one day if I liue.  
None but my Daughters ſir, hang'd for your tooth;  
I'de rather ſee them hang'd firſt, ere you get them.

*Harm*, Maſter *Piſare*, heare a dead man ſpeake,  
Who ſinges the vvofull accents of his end.  
I doe confeſſe I loue; then let not loue  
Proue the ſad engine of my lines remooue:  
*Marina*'s rich poſſeſſion vvvas my bliſſe;  
Then in her loſſe, all ioy ecclipſed is:  
As euery Plant takes vertue of the Sunne;  
So from her Eyes, this life and being ſprung;  
But now debar'd of thoſe cleare ſhining Rayes,  
Death for Earth gapes, and Birth to Death obeyes:  
Each vvord thou ſpakeſt, (oh ſpeake not ſo againe)  
Bore Deaths true image on the Word ingrauen;  
Which as it ſlew mixt vvith Heavens ayerie breath,  
Summond the dreadfull Seliſions of my death:  
I leaue thee to thy vvith, and may th'euent  
Proue equall to thy hope and hearts content.  
*Marina* to that hap, that happieſt is;

My Body to the Grave, my Soul to Hell.  
Have I done well in this? *Exit Harry.*

*Antio.* Excellent well in troth, to kill your self.

*Pisar.* I, got; I, got; your sword wound me as much,  
As doth a Stone being cast against the eye.  
But soft, What light is that? What Folkes be those? Oh tis  
*Alvaro* and his other Friends, He doth not let them in.

*Exit.*

*Enter Belman, Escifa, Xandado, Delio and Alvaro.*

*Frise.* Where are we now, gaffer *Buttericks*? *(vvits)*

*Bell.* Why know you not, *Buttericks*, where bee your

*Aluar.* What be tis *Cress*, *vies*, *vidice*, *padre* dare, tacke  
you dat, me sal trouble you no faire.

*Bell.* I thank you Gentlemen, good night.

Good night *Frise.* *Exit Belman.*

*Frise.* Farewell *Buttericks*, what a Glowne it is.

Come on my Masters merrily, He knocke at the dore.

*Antio.* Who's there, our three wife Women,

Blockhead our man? had he not beene,

They might haue hanged themselves,

For any Vancie they had his vpon.

Good morrow, or good den, I know not whether,

*Delio.* Monsieur *de Monche*, was thacke you out de Honis  
so late?

*Enter Pisare before him.*

*Pisa.* What, what, young men & fuggards? fy for shame,

You trifle time at home about vaine toys,

Whilst others in the meane time, steale your Brides:

I tell you fir, the English Gentlemen,

Had wel by married you and me, and all,

The dore were open, and the Gills abroad,

Their sweet hearts ready to receive them to,

And gone for looth they had beene had not I,

(I thinke by revelation) stopp their flight,

But I haue coopt them up, and so will keepe them,

But firra *Frise*, where's the man I sent for?

Whose Cloake haue you got there.

How



*A Woman will have her will.*

How now, where's *Vandall*?

*Frisc.* For sooth hee is not heere:

Master *Mendall* you meane, doe you not?

*Pisa.* Why loggerhead, him I sent for, where is he?  
Where hast thou been? How hast thou spent thy time?  
Did I not send thee to my Sonne *Vandall*?

*Frisc.* I M. *Mendall*, why for sooth I was at his Chamber, and wee were comming hitherward, and he was very hot, and bade me carry his Cloake; and I no sooner had it, but he (being very light) sittkes me downe on the left hand, And I tumbled downe on the left hand, and so lost him.

*Pisa.* Why then you turnd together, *Asse*.

*Frisc.* No sir, we neuer saw one another since;

*Pisa.* Why, turnd you not both on the left hand?

*Frisc.* No for sooth we turnd both on the left hand.

*Pisa.* Hoyda; why yet you went both together.

*Frisc.* Ah no, we went cleane contrary one from another

*Pisa.* Why Dolt, why Patch, why *Asse*,  
On which hand turnd yee?

*Frisc.* Alas, alas, I cannot tell for sooth, it was so darke I could not see, on which hand we turnd; but I am sure we turnd one way.

*Pisa.* Was euer creature plagud with such a Dolt?  
My sonne *Vandall* now hath lost himselfe,  
And shall all night goe straying bout the Towne:  
Or meete with some strange Watch that know him not;  
And all by such an arrant *Asse* as this.

*Antho.* No, po, you may soone finde the *Duchmans* lodging  
Now for a Figure: Out alas, what's yonder?

*Pisa.* Where?

*Frisc.* Hoyda, hoyda, a Basket: it turnes, hoc.

*Pisa.* Peace ye Villaine, and let's see who's there?  
Goe looke about the House; where are our weapons?  
What might this meane?

*Frisc.* Look, look, look; there's one in it, he peeps out,  
Is there nere a Stone heere to hurle at his Nose.

*Pisa.* What, wouldst thou break my Windows

*English-men for my money: or,*

with a Stone? How now, who's there, who are you sir?

*Frisc.* Look, hee peepes out againe: Oh its *M. Mendall* its *M. Mendall*: how got he vp thither?

*Pisa.* What my Sonne *Vandale*, how comes this to passe?

*Alua.* Signior *Vandale*, wat do yo go to de wenshe in die little Basket?

*Vand.* Oh *Vadere*, *Vadere*, here be fish cruell *Dochterkens*, ick ben also weary, also weary, also cold, for be in die little Basket: Ick prey helpe de me.

*Frisc.* Hee lookes like the signe of the Mouth without Bishops gate, gaping, and a great face, and a great Head, and no Body.

*Pisa.* Why how now Sonne, what haue your Adamants Drawne you vp so farre, and there left you hanging, Twixt Heauen and Earth like *Mahamets* Sepulchre?

*Antho.* they did vnkindly, whoeoe they were, They plagu'd him here, like *Tantalus* in Hell, To touch his lips like the desired Fruite, And then to snatch it from his gaping Chappes.

*Alua.* A little farder signior *Vandale*, and den may put v hed into de windo and cash de wenshe.

*Vand.* Ick prey *Vader* dat you helpe de me, Ick prey goodie *Vader*.

*Pisa.* Helpe you, but how?

*Frisc.* Cut the Rope.

*Antho.* Sir, Ile goe in and Tee,  
And if I can, Ile let him downe to you.

*Exit Anthony.*

*Pisa.* Doe gentle *Monchs*: Why but heer's a leift? They say, high climbers haue the greatest falles: If you should fall? as how youle doe I know not, Birlady I should doute me of my Sonne: Pray to the Rope to hold: Art thou there *Monchs*?

*Enter Anthony alone.*

*Anthony.* Yes sir, now you may chuse, whether youle stay till

*A Woman will haue her will.* 1

till I let him downe, or whether I shall cut him downe?

*Frisc.* Cut him downe master *Mowse*, cut him downe,  
And lets see how heele tumble.

*Pisa.* Why fauce, who ask'd your counsell?  
Let him downe.

What with a Cushion too? why you prouided  
To leade your life as did *Dioegenes*;  
And for a Tub, to errepe into a Basket.

*Vand.* Ick saltege vader, Ick quame here to your Hais  
and spreak to lde Dochterken.

*Frisc.* Master *Mendall*, you are welcome out of the Bas-  
ket: I smell a Rat, it was not for nothing, that you lost  
mee.

*Vand.* Oh skellam, you run away from me.

*Pisa.* I thought so sirra, you gaue him the slip.

*Frisc.* Faw, no for sooth; He tell you how it was: vvh  
we come from *Bucklers-Bury* into *Cornwall*, and I had ta-  
ken the Cloke, then you should haue turn'd dov vne on your  
left hand, and so haue gone right forvard, and so turned vp  
again, and so haue crost the street; and you likean  
Ass.

*Pisa.* Why, how now Raskall is your manners such?  
You Ass, you Dolt, vvhy led you him through Corn-hill,  
Your vvay had been to come through Canning street.

*Frisc.* Why, so I did sir.

*Pisa.* Why, thou sayst yee vv ere in Corn-hill.

*Frisc.* Indeed sir there vv as three faults, the Night vv as  
darke, M. *Mendall* drunke, and I sleepey, that vvee could not  
tell very vv ell, vv which vv ay vve vv ent.

*Pisa.* Sirra I love for this Cudgelling.  
But Gentlemen, sith things haue fallen so,  
And for I see *Vandalle* quakes for cold,  
This night accept your lodgings in my house,  
And in the morning forvard vv ith your marriage.  
Come on my sonnes, sirra fetch vp more vvood.

*Exeunt*  
*Enter*

*Englist men for my money: or*

*Enter the three Sisters,*

*Laur.* Nay, neuer weepe. *Mari*, for the matter,  
Teares are but signes of sorrow, helping not.

*Mari.* Would it not madden one to be cross'd and,  
Being in the very height of my desire?

The strangers frustrate all our true lones come,  
Nay more, euen at the doore, and *Flamiss* arrives,  
Spread as a Raine-bow ready to receive me,  
And then my father meete vs: Oh God, Oh God.

*Mari.* Weepe who that list for me, y faith not I,  
Though I am youngest yet my stomackes great:  
Nor tis not father, friends, nor any one,  
Shall make me wed the man I cannot loue;  
He haue my will in fayth, y faith I will.

*Laur.* Let vs determine Sisters what to doe,  
My father meanes to wed vs in the morning.

*Mari.* Weele to our father and so know his minde,  
I, and his reason too, wee are no fooles,  
Or Babes neither, to be fedde with words.

*Laur.* Agreed, agreed: but who shall speake for all?  
*Marth.* I will.

*Laur.* Thou wilt not speake for crying.

*Mari.* Yes, yes I warrant you, that humors left,  
Bee I but mou'd a little, I shall speake,  
And anger him I feare, ere I haue done.

*Enter Anthony.*

*All.* Whom *Anthony* our friend, our Schoole-master?  
Now helpe vs Gentle *Anthony*, or neuer.

*Antho.* What is your hasty running chang'd to prayer,  
Say, where were you going?

*Laur.* Euen to our father,  
To know what he intendes to doe with vs.

*Antho.* Tis bootlesse trust mee, for he is resolu'd

To

*A Woman will haue her will.*

To marry you to.

*Mari.* The Strangers.

*Math.* Y faith he shall not.

*Frenchmen*, be sure wee'll plucke a Crow together,  
Before you force me giue my hand at Church.

*Mari.* Come to our Fathers speech this comfort finds,  
That we may scould our grieft and ease our mindes.

*Antho.* Stay, Stay, *Mari*, and aduise you better,  
It is not force, but Pollicie must serue:

The Dopres are lockt, your Father keepes the Keye,  
Wherefore vnpossible to scape away:

Yet haue I plotted, and adu'd adrift,  
To frustrate your intended marriages,  
And giue you full possession of your loyes:

*Laurentia*, ere the mornings light appeare,  
You must play *Marbony* in my disguise.

*Math.*

*Mari.* } *Anthony*, what of vs? What shall we weare?

*Antho.* Soft, soft, you are too forward Girles, I sweare,  
For you some other drift deuid must bee?

One shaddow for a substance: this is true,

Nay weepe not sweetes, repose vpon my care,  
For all a like, or good or bad shall share:

You will haue *Harue*, you *Heigham*, and you *Ned*;

You shall haue all your wish, or be I dead;

For sooner may one day the Sea lie still,

Then once restraime a Woman of her will.

*All.* Sweete *Anthony*, how shall we quit thy hire?

*Antho.* Not gifts, but your contentments I desire:

To helpe my Countrymen I cast about,

For Strangers loues blase fresh, but soone burne out;

Sweete rest dwell here, and frightfull feare abiure,

These eyes shall wake to make you rest secure;

For ere againe dull night the dull eyes charmes,

Each one shall fould her Husband in her armes;

Which if it chauce we may a touch it still,

Women & Maydes will alwayes haue their will. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Pisaro and Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Are Wood and Coales brought vp to make a fire?  
Is the Meate spitted ready to lie downe:  
For Bake Meates Ile haue none, the world's too hard:  
There's Geese too, now I remember me;  
Bid *Mawdlin* lay the Giblets in Past,  
Here's nothing thought vpon, but what I doe.  
Stay *Frisco*, see who ringes, looke to the Dore,  
Let none come in I charge, were hee my Father,  
Ile keepe them whilst I haue them, *Frisco*, who is it?

*Frisco.* She is come ynfaith.

*Pisa.* Who is come?

*Frisco.* Mistris *Susbauncs*, Mistris *Moors* daughter,

*Pisa.* Mistris *Susan*, Assie? Oh she must come in.

*Frisco.* Hang him, if hee keepe out a Wench.  
Yf the Wench keepe not out him, so it is.

*Enter Valgrane in Wyemans attire.*

*Pisa.* Welcome Mistris *Susan*, welcome;  
I little thought you would haue come to night;  
But welcome (trust me) are you to my house:  
What, doth your Mother mende? doth she recouer?  
I promise you I am sorry for her sicknesse.

*Walg.* She's better then shee was, I thanke God for it.

*Pisa.* Now afore God she is a sweete smugge Girle,  
One might doe good on her; the flesh is frayle,  
Man hath infirmitie, and such a Bride  
Were able to change Age to hot desire:  
Harke you sweet-heart,  
To morrow are my Daughters to be wedde,  
I pray you take the paines to goe with them.

*Walg.* If fir youle giue me leaue, Ile waite on them.

*Pisa.* Yes marry shall you, and a thousand thanks,  
Such company as you my Daughters want,  
Maydes must grace Maydes, when they are married:



*A Woman will haue her will.*

Is't not a merry life (thinkest thou) to wed,  
For to imbrace, and be imbrac'd abed.

*VValg.* I know not what you meane sir,  
Heere's an old Ferret Pol-cat.

*Pisa.* You may doe, if youle follow mine aduise:  
I tell thee Mouse, I knew a Wench as nice:  
Well, shee's at rest poore soule, I meane my Wife,  
That thought (alas good heart) Loue was a toy,  
Vntill (well that time is gon and past away)  
But why speake I of this: Harke yee sweeting,  
There's more in Wedlocke, then the name can shew;  
And now (birlady) you are in ripe yeares:  
And yet take heed Wench, there lyes a Pad in Straw;

*VValg.* Old Fornicator, had I my Dagger,  
Ide breake his Costard.

*Pisa.* Young men are slippery, fickle, waucering;  
Constant abiding graceth none but Age:  
Then Maydes should now waxe wise, and doe so,  
As to chuse constant men, let fickle goe,  
Youth's vnregarded, and vnhonoured:  
An ancient Man doth make a mayde a Matron:  
And is not that an Honour, how say you? how say you?

*VValg.* Yes forsooth,  
(Oh old lust will you neuer let me goe.)

*Pisa.* You say right well, and doe but thinke thereon,  
How Husbands honoured yeares, long card-for wealth,  
Wife stayednesse, Experient gouernment,  
Doth grace the mayde that thus is made a Wife,  
And you will wish your selfe such, on my life.

*VValg.* I thinke I must turne womankind altogether,  
And scratch out his eyes:  
For as long as hee can see me, heele nere let me goe.

*Pisa.* But goe (sweet-heart) to bed, I doe thee wrong,  
The latenesse now, makes all our talke seeme long.

*Enter Anthony.*

How now *Matche*, be the Girles abed?

*English men for my money : or.*

*Antho.* *Mathew* (and it like you) faine would sleepe,  
but onely tarrieth for her bed-fellow.

*Pisa.* Ha, say you well : come light her to her Chamber,  
Good rest with I to thee ; with so to mee,  
Then *Susan*, and *Pisaro* shall agree :  
Thinke but what ioy is neere your bed-fellow,  
Such may be yours ; take counsell of your Pillow :  
To morrow weele talks more ; and so good night,  
Thinke what is sayd, may be, if all hit right.

*Wal.* What haue I past the Pikes ; knowes he not *Ned*,  
I thinke I haue deseru'de his Daughters bed.

*Antho.* Tis well, tis well : but this let me request,  
You keepe vnknowne, till you be layde to rest:  
And then a good hand speed you.

*Wal.* Tut, nere feare me,  
We two abed shall neuer disagree:

*Exeunt Antho. & Walgr.*

*Frise.* I haue stood still all this while, & could not speak  
for laughing: Lord what a Dialogue hath there beene be-  
tweene Age and Youth. You do good on her? euen as much  
as my *Duchman* will doe on my young Mistris: Master,  
Follow my counsell: then send for Master *Heigham* to help  
him, for Ile lay my Cap to two Pence, that hee will bee a-  
sleepe to morrow at night, when hee should goe to bed to  
her: Marry for the *Italian*, he is of another humor, for there  
will be no dealings with him, till midnight; for he must fla-  
uer all the Wenches in the house at parting or he is no bo-  
dy: he hath bene but a little while at our House, yet in that  
smal time, he hath lickt more grease from our *Maudlin* lips  
then would haue seru'd *London* Kirchin stuffe this twelue-  
month. Yet for my money, well fare the *Frenchman*, Oh he  
is a forward lad, for hee no sooner come from the Church  
but hee fly to the Chamber; why: hee read his lesson so  
often in the day time, that at night like an apt Scholler, hee  
be ready to sell his old booke to buy him a new. Oh the ge-  
nerations of Languages that our House will bring forth :  
why euery Bed will haue a proper speech to himselfe, and  
haue

*A Woman will haue her will.*

haue the Founders name written vpon it in faire Capital letters, *Herelay*, and so forth.

*Pisa.* You be a villaine still: Looke who's at dore?

*Frisco.* Nay by the Masse, you are M. Porter, for hee bee hang'd if you loose that office, having so pretty a morfell vnder your keeping: I goe (old huddle) for the best Nose at (smelling out a Pin-fold, that I know well, take heede, you may happes picke vp Wormes so long, that at length some of them get in your Nose, and neuer out after: But what an Ass am I to thinke so, considering all the Lodgings are taken vp already, and there's not a Dog-kennell empty for a strange Woman to breed in.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Antho.* The day is broke; *Mashea* and young *Ned*, By this time are so surely sinckt together, That none in *London* can forbid the Banes. *Laurentia* she is neere prouided for: So that if *Harnies* pollicie but hold, Else-where the Strangers may goe seeke them Wines? But heere they come.

*Enter Pisa and Browne.*

*Pisa.* Six a cloke say you; trust mee, forward dayes: Harke you *Mowche*, hie you to Church, Bid M. *Bewford* be in readinesse: Where goe you, that way?

*Antho.* for my Cloake sir.

*Pisa.* Oh tis well: and M. *Browne*, Trust mee, your earely stirring makes me muse, Is it to mee your businesse?

*Browne.* Euen to your selfe:

I come (I thinke) to bring you welcome newes,

*Pisa.* And welcome newes, Speake, speake, good M. *Browne*, I long to heare them.

*Brow.* Then this it is: Young *Harnie* late last night,

*English-men for my money: or,*

Full weake and sickly came vnto his lodging:  
From whence this suddaine mallady proceedes,  
Tis all vncertaine, the Doctors and his Friends  
Affirme his health is vnreconerable:  
Young *Heigham* and *Ned VV algrau* lately left him,  
And I came hither to informe you of it.

*Pisa.* Young *M. Harvy* sicke; now afore God  
The newes bites neere the Bone: for should he die,  
His Liuing morgaged would be redeemed,  
For not these three months doth the bond beare date:  
Die now, marry God in Heauen defend it;  
Oh my sweete Lands, loose thee, nay loose my life:  
And which is worst, I dare not aske mine owne,  
For I take two and twenty in the hundred,  
When the Law giues but ten: But should he Hue,  
Hee carelesse would haue left the debt vnpaide,  
Then had the Lands been mine, *Pisars* owne,  
Mine, mine owne Land, mine owne possession.

*Brow.* Nay heare me out.

*Pisa.* You'r out too much already,  
Vnlesse you giue him life, and me his Land.

*Brow.* Whether tis loue to you, or to your Daughter,  
I know not certaine; but the Gentleman  
Hath made a deed of gift of all his Lands,  
Vnto your beaurious Daughter, faire *Marina*.

*Pisa.* Ha, say that word againe, say it againe,  
A good thing cannot be too often spoken:

*Marina* say you, are you sure twas thee,  
Or *Mary*, *Margery*; or some other Mayde?

*Brow.* To none but your Daughter faire *Marina*.  
And for the gift might be more forcible,  
Your neighbour master *Moore* aduised vs,  
(Who is a witnesse of young *Harnies* Will)  
Sicke as he is, to bring him to your house:  
I know they are not farre, but doe attende  
That they may know, what welcome they shall haue.

*Pisa.* What welcome sir; as welcome as new life

Giuen

*A Woman will haue her will.*

Giuen to the poore condemned Prisoner:  
Returne (good master *Browne*) assure their welcome:  
Say it, nay (swear it, for they'r welcome truly:  
For welcome are they to me which bring Gold.  
See downe who knockes; it may be there they are.  
*Frisco*. call downe my Sonnes, bid the *Girls* rise:  
Where's *Mowche*; what, is he gon or no?

*Enter Laurentia in Antonies attire.*

Oh heare you sirra, bring along with you  
Master *Balsaro* the Spanish Marchant.

*Laur*. Many *Balsaros* I; Ile to my Loue:  
And thanks to *Anthony* for this escape.

*Pisa*. Stay, take vs with you. Harke, they knocke againe,  
Come my soules comfort, thou good newes bringer.  
I must needes hugge thee enen for pure affection.

*Enter Harke brought in a Chair, Moore, Browne,  
Aluaro Vandalle, Delio, and Frisco.*

*Pisa* Lift softly (good my friends) for hurting him.  
Looke chearely sir, you'r welcome to my house.  
Harke, *M. Vandalle*, and my other Sonnes,  
Seeme to be sad as. griening for his sicknesse,  
But inwardly reioyce, *M. Vandalle*,  
Signor *Aluaro*, *Monsieur Delio*,  
Bid my friend welcome, pray bid him welcome:  
Take a good heart; I doubt not (by Gods leaue)  
You shall recouer and doe well enough:  
(Yf I should thinke so, I should hang my selfe.)  
*Frisco*, goe bid *Marina* come to mee. *Exit Frisco.*

You are a Witnesse sir, of this mans Will:  
What thinke you *M. Moore*, what say you to't?

*Moor*. Master *Pisara*, follow mine aduise:  
You see the Gentleman cannot escape,  
Then let him straight be wedded to your Daughter;  
So during life time, she shall hold his Land,  
When now (being not kith nor kin to him)

For.

*English-men for my money: or,*

For all the deed of Gift, that he hath sealed,  
His younger Brother will inioy the Land.

*Pisa.* Marry my Daughter: no birlady.  
Heare you *Aluaro*, my Friend counsailes mee.  
Seeing young *M. Haruie* is so sicke,  
To marry him incontinent to my Daughter,  
Or else the gift he hath bestowde, is vaine:  
Marry and hee recouer; no my Sonne,  
I will not loofe thy loue for all his Land.

*Alua.* Here you part, do no loofe his Land; his hundred pout *per anno*, tis wort to haue; let him haue de mar-  
tresse *Marina* in de mariage, tis but worthe to attende vne  
day more: if he will no die; I fallgine him such a Drinke;  
such a Portion fall make him gine de *Benat-macher* to all de  
world.

*Pisa.* *Aluaro*, heres my Keyes, take all I haue;  
My Money, Plate, Wealth, Jewels, Daughter too:  
Now God be thanked, that I haue a Daughter,  
Worthy to be *Aluaro*s bed-fellow:  
Oh how I doe admire and prayse thy wit,  
He straight about it: I am your master *Aluaro*.

*Enter Marina and Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Nay faith hee's sicke, therefore though hee be  
come, yet he can doe you no good; there's no tent ay but  
euen to put you selfe into the hands of the *Frailian*, that by  
that time that he hath past his growth, young *Haruie* will  
be in case to come upon it with a life of fresh force.

*Mari.* Is my Loue come, & sicke? I now thou lovest me  
How my heart ioyes: Oh God, get I my will,  
He drue away that sicknesse with a kisse:  
I need not faine, for I could weepe for ioy,

*Pisa.* It shall be so; come hit her Daughter.  
Master *Haruie*, that you may see my loue  
Comes from a single heart vnfaynedly,  
See heere my Daughter, her I make thine owne:  
Nay looke not strange, before these Gentlemen,



*A Woman will haue her will.*

I freely yeeld *Marina* For thy Wife.

*Harna* Stay, stay good sir, forbear this idle worke,  
My soule is labouring for a higher place,  
Then this vaine transitory world can yeeld:

What would you wed your Daughter to a Graue?

For this is Deaths modell in mans shape,

You and *Aluaro* happy time together,

Happy were I, could you liue together,

*Pisa.* Come sir, I trust you shall doe well together.

Here, here, it must be so: God giue you ioy,

And blesse you (not a day to liue together.)

*Vaud.* Hark the briddor, will yee let den ander het your

Wine? sempt haer your selue

*Alua* No, no; tush you be de fools, here be de first pome

de mariage of hem you haue deceiue me of the fine Wench

signior *Harna*, but I sal deceiue you of de truth Land.

*Harna.* Are all things sure Father, is all dispatched?

*Pisa.* What interest we haue we yeeld it you?

Are you now satisfied, or rests there ought?

*Harna.* Nay Father, nothing doth remaine, but thanks:

Thanks to your selfe first, that disdayning me,

Yet lou'd my Lands, and for them gaue a Wife:

But next, unto *Aluaro* let me talke,

To courteous, gentle, loning, kind *Aluaro*,

That rather then to see me die for lone,

For very lone, would loose his beauctous lone.

*Vaud.* He, ha, ha.

*Del.* Signior *Aluaro*, giue me de ring which ye fall tooq

make hem dy, aut remant you sal loose de fine Wench.

*Alua.* Oyme che hausse d'herd appestata li made al mio

coro, o suen enrato ate, i che longo sci tu aridato, o xibito terra:

*Pisa.* Am I awake, or doe deluding Dreames,

Make that seeme true, which most my soule did forme?

*Harna.* Nay faith Father, it is very certaine, and no doubt

I am as well as any man on earth.

Am I sicke sir? I looke here, is *Harna* sicke?

*Pisa.* What shall I doe? what shall I say?

*English men for my wrongs: or*

Did not you counsell me to wed my childe?  
What Portion? Where's your helpe, your remedy.

*Hary.* I hope more happy starres will raigne to day.  
And *Don Aluarez* have more company.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Antho.* Now *Anthony*, this contents as it should,  
And every thing forgoe to his will & effect.  
*Hary* iques *Malla*, my *Dutchman* and the *French*,  
Thinking all sure; laughes at *Aluarez* hap;  
But quickly I shall marre that merry vaine,  
And make your Fortunes equal, with your Friends.

*Pisa.* Sirra *Mowche*, what answer brought you backe?  
Will *maître Belfort* come, as I requested?

*Antho.* *Maître Belfort*; I know not who you meane.

*Pisa.* Know you not *Alse*; did not I send thee for him?  
Did I not bid thee bring him with the Parson?

What answer made he, will he come or no?

*Antho.* Send me for him; why did you sent not me,  
I neither went for him, nor for the Parson?

I am glad to see your worship is so merry.

*Pisa.* Hence you forgetfull *Dolt*;  
Looke downe who knocke?

*Exit Anthony.*

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Oh *Maître*, hang your selfe: nay, neuer stay for  
a Sessions: *Maître Vandalle*, confesse your selfe, desire the  
people to pay for you; for your Bride there is gone; *Lauren-  
tia* is gone.

*Kend.* Oh *de Diabolo*, de mal-fortuner is matresse *Lauren-  
tia* gone.

*Pisa.* First tell me that I am a linelesse coarfe;  
Tell me of Doores day, tell me what you will  
Before you say *Laurenzia* is gone.

*Mari.* *Maître Vandalle*, how doe you feele your selfe?  
What, hang the head & sit man for shame I say;  
Looke not so heauy on your marriage day.

*Hary.*

*A Woman will haue her will.*

*Hark.* Oh blame him not, his griefe is quickly spide,  
That is a Bridegrome, and yet wants his Bride.

*Enter Heigham, Laurencia, Balfaro, and Anthony.*

*Balf.* Master *Pisaro*, and Gentlemen, good day to all  
According sir, as you requested mee,  
This morne I made repaire vnto the Tower,  
Whereas *Laurentia* now was married:  
And sir, I did expect your comming thither;  
Yet in your absence, we perform'd the rites:  
Therefore I pray sir bid God giue them ioy.

*Heigh.* He tells you true, *Laurentia* is my Wife,  
Who knowing that her Sisters must be wed;  
Presuming also you be bid her welcome  
Are come to beare them company to Church.

*Hark.* You come to late, the Marriage rites are done;  
Yet welcome twenty-fold vnto the Feast.  
How say you sirs, did I not tell you true,  
These Wenches would haue vs, and none of you.

*Laurentia.* I cannot say for these; but on my life  
This loues a Cullison better then a Wife.

*Malk.* And reason too, that Cullison fell out right,  
Else hard had beene his lodging all last night.

*Balf.* master *Pisaro*, why stand you speechlesse thus?

*Pisa.* Anger, and extreame griefe enforceth me.  
Pray sir, who bade you meete me at the Tower?

*Balf.* Who sir, your man sir, *Anthony*, here he is.

*Antho.* Who sir, meane you mee, you are a iesting man.

*Pisa.* Thou art a Villaine, a dissembling Wretch,  
Worse then *Anthony* whom I kept last.

Fetch me a officer, Ile hamper you,  
And make you sing at *Bride*, well for this trick:

For we l he hath defen'de it, that would swiure  
He went not forth a doores at my appointment.

*Antho.* So I swaie I still, I went not forth to day.

*Balf.* Why a riant lyer, were thou not with me?

*Pisa.* Now say you master *Browne*, went he not forth?

English men for my money : or

*Peas.* Has he his likeness did I know not where he?

*Pisa.* What likeness can there be besides himself?

*Laur.* My selfe (forsooth) that tooke his shape vpon me:

I was that *Mowche* that you saw from home:

And that same *Mowche* that deceiued you,

Eff'ed to possesse this Gentleman:

Which to attaine I haue beuill'd you all

*Frisc.* This is excellent this is as fine as a Fiddle; you

*M. Heigham* got the Wench in *Mowche's* apparell, now let

*Mowche* put on her apparell and be married to the *Dutch*

man: How thinke you is it not a good vize?

*Moor.* Master *Pisa*, shake off melancholy,

When things are helpelesse, patience must be vs'd.

*Pisa.* Take of patience? Ile not beare these wronges:

Goe call downe *Matt* and mistris *Susan Moor*.

Tis well that of all three we haue one iure.

*Moor.* Mistris *Susan Moor*, who doe you meane sir?

*Pisa.* Whom should I meane sir: but your Daughter?

*Moor.* You a very pleasant sir: but tell me this,

When did you see her that you speake of her?

*Pisa.* I, late yesternight when she came heere to bed.

*Moor.* You are deceiued my Daughter lay not heere,

But watch'd with her sick mother all last night.

*Pisa.* I am glad you are so pleasant *M. Moor*.

You'r loth that *Susan* should beheld a floggard:

What man, was late before she went to bed,

And therefore time enough to rise againe.

*Moor.* Master *Pisa*, doe you floute your friends?

I we'l perceive if I had troubled you,

I should haue had it in my dish ere now:

*Susan* lie heere? I am sure when I came forth,

I left her fast asleepe in bed at home;

Tis more then neighbour hood to v'le me thus.

*Pisa.* A bed at your house? tell me I am madde,

Did not I get her in a dores my selfe,

Spoke to her, talk'd with her, and conuers'd with her?

And yet she lay not heere? What say you surra?

*A V Koman will haue her will.*

*Anto.* She did; she did; I brought her to her Chamber.

*Moor.* I say hee lyes (that sayth so) in his throat.

*Anto.* Masse now I remember me, I lye indeed.

*Pisa.* Oh how this frets mee! *Frisco*, what say you?

*Frisco.* What say I? marry I say, if shee lay not heere, there was a familiar in her likeness; for I am sure my master and shee were so familiar together, that hee had almost shot the Gout out of his Toes endes, to make the Wench beleue he had one trick of youth in him. Yet now I remember mee shee did not lye heere; and the reason is, because shee doth lye heere, and is now abed with mistresse *Mathea*; witnesse whereof, I haue set to my Hand & Seale, and meane presently to fetch her. *Exit Frisco.*

*Pisa.* Doe so *Frisco*, Gentlemen and Friends,  
Now shall you see, how I am wrong'd by him.  
Lay she not heere? I thinke the World's growne wise,  
Plaine folkes (as I) shall not know how to liue.

*Enter Frisco.*

*Frisco.* Shee comes, shee comes; a Hall, a Hall.

*Enter Mathea, and Waigraue in Womans attire.*

*Wal.* Nay blush not wench, feare not, looke chearfully.  
Good morrow Father; Good morrow Gentlemen:  
Nay stare not, looke you heere, no monster I.  
But euen plaine *Ned*: and heere stands *Matt* my Wife.  
Know you her, *Frenchman*? But she knowes me better.  
Father, pray Father, let me haue your blessing,  
For I haue bl est you with a goodly Sonne;  
Tis breeding heere yfaith, a iolly Boy.

*Pisa.* I am vndone, a reprobate, a slaue;  
A scorne, a laughter, and a iesting stocke.  
Giue me my Child, giue me my Daughter from you,

*Moor.* Master *Pisaro*, tis in vaine to fret,  
And fume, and storme, it little now anayles:  
These Gentlemen haue with your Daughters helpe,  
Outstript you in your subtil enterprises:  
And therefore, seeing they are well descended,

*English men for my wifes sake*

Turne back to leas and let them haue their Bowes,  
Pisces is open for why then I see that Will,  
Dee what you can, Women will haue their Will,  
Gentlemen you haue outreacht the more,  
Which were before you, any yet could doe  
You, that is thought should be my Bonnet here,  
Must be content, since there is no hope to see  
Others haue got, what you did thinke to see,  
And yet beleeue me they haue tooke some of the  
Well rake them here; and with them Go giue toy,  
And Gentlemen, I doe interest to morrow,  
That you will Pease with mee, for all this sorrow,  
Though you are wounded, yet the Pease is not made,  
Come let vs in for all the stormes are past,  
And heape of toy will follow on as fast.

**PINIS**



Fund

A.H.Childs

Collation BDS - 7/16/43.

A-K<sup>4</sup> (last blank and  
wanting)

Author [Haughton, William.  
d.1605 Rare Book

Call. no.

Regr

Th

H292

616c